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RISING OF THOUGHT.

Extracts have already been given in the Register from a book entitled "Reviews and Essays, by E. G. Holland;" but we cannot consent to pass it by as one of the common books that are thrown in our way. It is clear and vigorous both in thought and expression. It has passages of very unusual beauty. It reasons with remarkable force. Its main purpose, so far as it has a single aim, is to lead from the material to the spiritual, and to "find a basis for faith in nature." "The universe exists to brighten and enlarge our idea of God. To this end Christ both lived and died. He came to manifest God in wider relations than he had ever been known. And as God in Christ is *the* exhibition of divine knowledge, we should seek to study the Father in the Son." "As there is a bond of harmony uniting all that comes from the Creator, we should fear to set at variance his word and works." These extracts afford some glimpse of the leading thought of the book. We give below a more extended illustration.

But we would have no war between the actual and the ideal, no more, indeed, than there is between the stars and the earth over which they watch. We would relinquish nothing of nature, no, not a pebble on the shore, not a sand of the desert. Each fact is ours. For the present, we would not exchange seats with angels; we would not give them our fruitful earth, our fountains, our daylight, and storms, for their peaceful abodes. We would not exchange our joys for theirs. We want our present life; and to us our sun and moon are better than the future illumination, which needs not their presence. We will cling to our real sources of joy. Let us, therefore, gain a world of idea, that shall render more interesting the world of fact and of things.

Going into nature, the highest truth it yields us is, that every thing has a hand pointing to that which is above itself. The acorn points to the oak; the oak emblems the firmness and dignity of man. The infant points to man, and man points to God, whose image he is. Springs point to rivers, rivers to seas; and these symbolize the Infinite, the vast deep of Soul. God is the grand Original; and man, having immortal powers, is, in this kingdom of nature, an original also, whilst all else is only representative. Man is representative in his relation to Him.

But the whole universe appears to be representative in its relation to both. All things unite to form a boundless system of symbols, of representation, of which each may be its own interpreter. It is true, that, could we at first commence with God in our reasoning, knowing him without the aids of representation, we should see in him all we may know in nature; and, for the same cause, could we comprehend the soul without the aid of its phenomena, we could discover in it all that art and life display.

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But let us proceed to speak of man in his life and history. How dead his life is, when its facts are only viewed as details! How wonderful when contemplated as the product of the emanating cause! Nature points to him as to a greater, and he to God, who is All. Each action in life points to character, thereby lifting a finger to that which is higher than itself. So, indeed, do the words, plans, struggles of men point to a higher wisdom than the actors knew. Always have these conflicts tended to nobler ends than men designed. Small things reveal a character,—even a laugh, a word, a look. The apple, through Newton's genius, pointed up to distant worlds, and suggested the principle which guided them in their course. Nothing is so local as not to contain a universal. The thistle and the shell own the presence of universal law, as truly as do the solar systems.

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Our first self-consciousness discloses us to ourselves as mere animal beings. We conceived of our kind as living bodies, before we thought of them as living souls. Physiognomy reveals what is greater,—the mind, the character. What was the first idea of power that dawned upon us? Was it the power that philosophers, poets, and prophets, wield? No: it was mere muscular force, mere material energy. This we first knew as our own possession, as the attribute of strength in others. But from this coarser fact, we rose to the perception of the power of mind,—of wisdom, courage, virtue. Why material energy should necessarily go before the perception of mental, it is needless to inquire; but nothing is more certain than the fact; and few things are more probable than that the influence of the various material energies displayed in nature around us serve to call out the inward energies of the soul. Life, in each and all of its forms, is mystery. Our first notion of it is as animal and vegetable; but the beautiful and animating mystery is not alone. It becomes the symbolic shadow of spiritual life; whilst all its fostering influences are types of higher agencies by which the life of the spirit grows. Slowly do we learn that the sacred urns contain only the clay tenements of departed friends, and nothing of their real selves. At first, we view mankind as animals; we view them as we did the outward world, without perceiving the wonderful order there organically displayed, without viewing the fleshly structures as the servants and temples of immortal natures.

But such is the order of life's lessons, that the race, finding a spiritual development higher than the muscular, becomes conscious of the soul's supremacy.

I have often used the word *spirit* in the course of these remarks, as meaning the mind, the immortal, unseen part. But the history of this word embodies the view I have been trying to unfold, that the whole structure of things, the entire genius of the condition of man, tends to lead him upward, from less to greater, from fact to principle, from thing to thought. The original meaning of this term is, the air we breathe. *Pneuma* primarily meant only this. How naturally this became the symbol of mind, being an invisible element, an inspiration of life, a free and unconfined agent! But we have finally rested on the greater; so that the spirit is always our diviner part. Paradise was once but a fine garden of Persia; now it is the joy of the sainted. Rectitude at first was only physical straightness; now it is moral honesty. Beauty at first was but a sensuous charm; now it is mind perfected: it is a heart-radiance from conduct and speech. Always has man been rising slowly above the despotism of matter.

Religious revelations to our race unfold the same view. The moment we attempt to analyze our views, we are carried back to their physical bases, and are obliged to learn, that the primary development of the soul, under the impressions of material nature, has prepared in us our whole receptive capacity for what God communicates.

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Whence came our abstract view of purity and purification? They doubtless referred to external cleanliness and ablution. The same may be said of all our highest views. Indeed, revelations are impossible, except on the [illegible]

assumed. How am I to conceive of infinity as belonging to God, unless the Illimitable impresses me from nature? How am I to know Divine Love, except I have affection in my own heart, by which to know it? And was not this primary love called forth by many external relations, influences, and objects?

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Go for a moment into the past. There you meet different forms and dispensations of religion, convincing you that the earlier the worship, the more of visible imagery does it wear. The senses are addressed. The material glares upon you. Altars, victims, and priests, mercy-seats and cherubims, divers washings and external atonements in abundance, greet you. The gold of the temple is sacred. Deity is portrayed under the strongest imagery, and worshipped under the view chiefly of his Almightiness. But as you watch the stream of sacred knowledge, as it flows down to later times, you discover that a spiritual element gets the great ascendency. The Bible, which began in history, ended in the finer element of prophecy. The sacrifice became finally a broken heart and a contrite spirit, not a bleeding victim. Behold the contrast! The Thunderer and Judge of ancient times is clothed with the name and attributes of the Father,—is Love, is Goodness! Compare the Beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount with the temporal rewards and punishments of the Jewish hope and fear. Once the kingdom of heaven was as Cæsar's dominion in temporality and earthliness; now it is righteousness and peace enthroned in all. Israel was once a union of distinctive tribes; now he is all who love God on the face of the whole earth. Jerusalem once was but the metropolis of Judea; now she is the church of the First-born, whose citizens are always the good and the faithful. The great Adam was once but a "living soul;" now he is the "quickening spirit," the great moral regenerator, the love-kindling energy of the whole earth. Moses enacted and legislated; Jesus spake words of spirit and life to ages. Sacrifices no more bleed in the hands of the priest; but all are priests, and all are invited to make themselves a holy offering to God, to Deity. Neighbor and brother once signified those who were of the same tribe and family, those who were by affinity near in place, and in consanguineous ties; now the race are neighbors and brothers. Salvation was once an outward, whilst now it is an inward deliverance. Truly were the old ways but types and shadows,—mere similitudes of the greater and the better in advance!

Indeed, all things are as in this Jewish ritual. The human heart is always predicting a better day. Far away in some good to-morrow waits the perfect lot. It always says, "There is a better; I wait a brighter morning." The best hours ever enjoyed prophesied still better. Perhaps each man living is conscious of a latent trust that he shall be much more of a man by and by than he is now. Our small truths are always leading to greater truths. Our incipient vices and virtues are ever leading to those greater. Goodness, though imperfect now, bravely predicts its heaven. Great men never think that human nature has invested all its might in them, but earnestly believe in wiser and abler ones to come. From the heart of the life that now is springs up the desire and assurance of a greater. This natural world points to a spiritual world. Nature bows in homage to man, reproducing her own in his mind; whilst man, in his nature, dependence, and hope, points to Him who is above all and in all.

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It is high time that the old quarrel between materialism and spiritualism was ended. There is truth in each philosophy: there is a materialism and a spiritualism that harmonize as soul and body in one man, as God and nature in one universe. God is a spirit; but he is present in all matter, and there is no antagonism between the two. The assertion that soul is but matter, or the result of its organization, has never taken a lasting hold on any great number, because it is opposed by what is deeper than argument in their own consciousness. No teacher standing on such a basis has left any very deep traces in the science of intellect, ethics, and religion. On the other hand, those spiritualists who would, in their ethereal revels, forget that men have bodies, are as unsatisfactory as the most plodding of the materialists. The saint erred who said, "How I despise the earth, when I think of heaven!" For both earth and heaven are of One, and harmonize as parts of a complete benevolence.

The materialism of man and nature is both moral and intellectual. We have seen how it contributes to create language, to furnish mind with vehicles of thought, to symbolize the various moods, actions, and wants. To us it seems that every fibre of matter is exerted in serving mind. The whole system is so woven that it silently labors to this end. Everywhere is the material world a spiritual ministry. So infinite, so complex, are the laws, forms, facts, and agencies in space, that they are representatively equal to all the soul contains, and therefore fitted to render it a great service. I would deny materialism only when assumed as the basis and master of psychology: as servant to the spiritual, there is a high place for it to occupy. As minds should govern bodies, as God governs matter, and as the sky of stars and ether overarches the earth, so should a spiritual philosophy hold dominion over the necessary materialism of human nature, and of the life we live. If we deny that the mind is the first fact, we slay ourselves; for it is mind that makes the denial, and that rules the materialism of being. Mind rules the universe, and it governs man.

It brings more wealth to us to find nature alive with thought, and full of teaching. It is good to rise heavenward, when God gives us wings. Great mystery doubtless presses on the final end. But to me this great world of facts seems as an infinite number of guide-boards, telling the meditative pilgrim that the cities of his seeking are still miles ahead. Do these myriad fingers beckon us on to nothing? Nay; not one deceives.

[From the N. Y. Observer.]

M. COQUEREL.—ABBE DEGUERRY.

AT THE PEACE CONGRESS IN PARIS.

Another speaker who was listened to with pleasure was M. *Coquerel*, protestant pastor, and member of the legislative Assembly. He was appointed vice-president of the Congress. M. Coquerel has a vigorous mind, great facility of language, and the habit of speaking before large audiences. He congratulated the English and Americans that they had come to the number of 700 or 800 to avow in Paris the principle of universal peace. "Paris," said he (I give only the substance of his words) "Paris is the most military kingdom in the world. It has the noblest triumphal arch that exists, and which was erected by the greatest French captain of modern times. And yet, in this city, the friends of peace have met to proclaim their principles. There is in this conduct a generous courage, and this courage has its source in faith. Yes, the English, the Americans here present show faith in the success of their opinions, because they know that these opinions rest upon truth, and that truth, an emanation from God himself, must certainly triumph. Who pretends that the success of this cause is impossible! Impossible! and why! Christianity also, at its origin was regarded as an impossible religion, and it has conquered the world! The abolition of slavery was judged impossible by Plato, Aristotle, and all the wise men of antiquity, and it has taken place. The overthrow of the feudal system was deemed impossible and this system has fallen! We have in this meeting a striking proof of the progress of mankind. *Toleration* would have seemed impossible to the preceding on one side by a protestant pastor, and on the other by a curate of the Roman Catholic church (the abbe Deguerry). The state of general peace will become sooner or later the normal condition of the world. God has established christianity as the religion of peace and of good will towards men. War is opposed to the will of God, and it must be extinguished forever."

When Mr. Coquerel took his seat, the Abbe Deguerry shook him cordially by the hand.—This mark of good understanding made a lively impression upon the audience.

Let us turn then to the *abbe Deguerry*. He is such a priest as you will rarely find in the ranks of Popery. His mind is cultivated; his heart is devoted to the interests of the poor, the feeble, and the oppressed. He is highly esteemed in Paris; but he is not in good odor with the jesuits and ultramontainists. His presence in the Peace Congress proves that he is above the narrow prejudicies of his church. While the archbishop and other Romish ecclesiastics kept aloof, Mr. Deguerry came and offered to the Americans and English, the influence of his name and reputation.

He spoke at the third and last sitting. His aim was to advocate the principles of *arbitration*, or of a *supreme tribunal*, to which should be submitted all questions affecting the reciprocal rights and duties of nations. Mr. Deguerry is an easy and flowing speaker. He had no manuscript; His speech was extempore, abounding in happy expressions and good feeling. He said that universal peace was an *idea inspired by God*, and called to mind that the celebrated William Penn had already advocated the same principle, at the close of the seventeenth century. "I know well," he added, "that we Frenchmen, (I ask your pardon, my dear countrymen, for exposing your weaknesses)—I know well that we are impatient. We wish that an idea, as soon as it is conceived, should be realized; we forget that time is the prime minister in the council of God. Men, according to the period in which they live, are called to different destinies. Those who dig the ground and sow the seed are not always called to gather the harvest. And who of us, if he had to choose, would not prefer the sweat and toil to the enjoyment!"

A TALE OF BENEVOLENCE.

While in Boston the other day, we became acquainted with a case of benevolence which ought to be recorded. A woman who had been sick, died while we were stopping with a friend near by, and we learnt from that friend, who had the blessed privilege of ministering to her wants in her last hours, the following story:

More than a year ago she was taken sick with consumption, and being unable to work, she returned to the residence of her mother, then living in Maine. But she found her condition as cheerless as her own; she too was sick, and unable to do anything for her. She returned to Boston, called upon a mere acquaintance, a poor widow, who supported herself and family by dint of great industry, in doing what is known as 'slop work,' at the wretchedly low prices which are paid for that species of work. There the poor woman, with her child, was invited to stay, and she did so. The poor woman toiled on the harder, now that she had an additional burden, and when she could not pay the rent of two rooms, she lived in one; and there she watched and labored by the bedside of her friend, depriving herself of the poor comforts which she before enjoyed, to minister to the unfortunate.' The sick one died at last, and then her kind heart would not consent that she should be buried at the city expense. She was even then ready to sacrifice everything, rather than the child should remember that his mother died, and was buried only as a

'Pauper that nobody owns.'

We were glad to know that kind friends spared her the sacrifice of her feelings and her scanty means, and secured for her remains a place in a private tomb. Such disinterested benevolence as this is rare everywhere, and never found but among the *poor*. The poor alone can sympathize with the poor, in their terrible trials. We doubt if there is a man in Boston, worth his millions, who would have sacrificed *as much money* as did this poor woman, in any similar case.—They may do a great deal for the poor—we know they do—but it comes under the head of 'amateur godliness,' a great deal of it, and has not the merit of this poor woman's benevolence.—The day is coming—not here, perhaps, but elsewhere—when justice will be done in these cases. This world has poor reward for them, but in the world where virtuous deeds are crowns of rejoicing, they will not be overlooked or forgotten.

We talk about the poor, here—and God knows we have enough of it—but the most abject poverty here would be opulence to thousands in the large cities, where emigrants are landed by the ship load, from poverty-stricken Europe with scanty means, or no means. Cases come to our knowledge of such, huddled together in filthy rooms, without fire, without food, and almost without clothing, in this cold season, enough to make the heart of a stone bleed. And within a stone's throw, almost, are the men who have enough and to spare, revelling in luxury—the crumbs from whose tables, if converted to that use, would give comfort to starving thousands. Let the poor here thank God that theirs is a blessed lot compared to these—and let the rich not forget that they are but stewards of God's bounty, and see that they can give a good account of their stewardship. [Nashua Telegraph.

ST. PAUL.

After speaking of St. Paul's early years and his conversion, Mr. Headley in the New York Observer, gives the following pictorial sketch of the great Apostle's subsequent career.

From this time on, his track can be distinguished by the commotions about it, and the light above it. Straight back to Jerusalem, from whence he had so recently come with letters to legalize his persecutions, he went, to cast his lot in with those he had followed with violence and slaughter. His strong heart never beat one quicker pulsation through fear when the lofty turrets of the proud city flashed on his vision. Neither did he steal away to the dark alleys and streets, where the disciples were concealed, and tell them secretly his faith in the Son of God. He strode into the synagogues, and before the astonished priests preached Christ and him crucified. He thundered at the door of the Sanhedrim itself, and shaking Jerusalem like an earthquake, awoke a tempest of rage and fury on himself. With assassins dogging his footsteps, he at length left the city. But instead of going to places where he was unknown, and where his feelings would be less tried, he started for his native city, his father's house, the home of his boyhood, for his kindred and friends. To entreaties, tears, scorn and violence, he was alike impervious. To Antioch and Cyprus, along the coast of Syria to Greece and Rome, over the known world he went like a blazing comet, waking up the nations of the earth. From the top of Mars' Hill, with the gorgeous city at his feet, and the Acropolis and Parthenon behind him; on the deck of his shattered vessel in the intervals of the crash of billows, in the gloomy walls of a prison, on the borders of the eternal kingdom, he speaks in the same calm and determined tone. Deterred by no danger, awed by no presence, and shrinking from no responsibility, he moves before us like some grand embodiment of power. The nations heave around him, and kings turn pale in his presence. Bands of conspirators swear neither to eat nor drink till they have slain him, rulers and priests combine against him, the people stone him; yet over the din of the conflict and storm of violence, his voice of eloquence rises clear and distinct as a [illegible] his back till the blood starts with every blow, and then his mangled body is thrown into a dungeon; but at midnight, you hear that same calm, strong voice which has shaken the world, poured forth in a hymn of praise to God, and lo! an earthquake rocks the prison to its foundations; the manacles fall from the hands of the captives, the bolts withdraw of themselves, and the massive doors swing back on their hinges. Finding that the whip, the dungeon, the assassin's knife, and the executioner's sword cannot move him from his purpose, the world point in scorn to the cross, to signify that the Christ he preaches, died the death of a felon. "*The cross, the cross,*" they sneeringly exclaim, to bring the blush of shame to his cheek; but to their astonishment, they hear him shout louder than they all, "*The cross, the cross,* I GLORY IN THE CROSS." On the very spot they have selected for his confusion, he plants himself, and with one arm around the emblem of disgrace, and the other pointed to heaven, he makes the hill of Crucifixion burn like the gates of paradise. Nay more, he goes and stands by that felon's tomb—Him they call a felon—and preaches the resurrection of the dead.

I can never in imagination behold him, in the presence of Felix, sweeping everything down in his torrent-like eloquence, without feeling my heart beat with a quicker motion. In a gorgeous apartment, filled with the noble and the gay who have assembled from curiosity, he stands to defend himself against the charges of the orator Tertullus. He listens to the approbrious epithets of "pestilent fellow," "ringleader of a sect of Nazarenes," "profaner of the temple," with a composed countenance, until bid to answer for himself. At first, calm, dignified, and respectful, he repels the accusations, then taking fire as he touches upon the loftier topic of the resurrection of the dead, he forgets all but the cause he advocates. But, especially, when Felix would hear farther, and he "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come," does he rise before us like a being from another world. After explaining the law, its justice and purity, till the reason of his listeners was convinced, he spoke of its claims in man and on them—showed how sinful and corrupt their lives had been, then passed to the judgment of the great day, and its just and fearful retributions.

As his imagination kindled on this stupendous theme, forgot was all,—the noble audience before him, his bonds, imprisonment, and coming fate. Those massive walls sink away before the descending God; the Archangel's trumpet is heard pealing the knell of time; the dead come forth; the throne is set, and before it all the nations of the earth are gathered, awaiting their doom.—Gone is the look of indifference and smile of incredulity; gone even the sneer of Tertullus; and a solemn silence, broken only by the tones of the fearful speaker, reigns through the vast apartment. No wonder when he closed, the haughty Felix trembled.

But stern as Paul was amid his foes, and lofty in his course, he nevertheless had a heart full of the tenderest emotions. A *truer* never beat in a human bosom. At times his natural fierceness would break forth, as when the High Priest ordered him to be smitten contrary to the law.—Turning like a lion upon him, he thundered in his astonished ears, "*God shall smite thee, thou whited wall.*" Yet he was ready in a moment to be just; and there never was before so fearless and inflexible a nature, joined with so much tenderness of heart. Look at his parting with his friends at Ephesus, when on his way to Jerusalem! How touching his address, and how characteristic. In closing he said, "And now I go bound in the spirit to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there, save that *in every city bonds and imprisonment await me.*" "In every city," the same hard fate, "*yet none of these things,*" he says, "*move me, neither count I my life dear unto me,* so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." None of these things moved him—no, these were trifling matters, bonds, imprisonment and death; *duty*, the salvation of man, the honor of God, these alone filled him with anxiety, and nerved him to action. Of one thing, however, he told them he was convinced, and that was, that they "*should see his face no more.*"—To them he appealed as witnesses, that he had labored faithfully for their welfare, and then kneeling down on the shore, prayed with them. How often have I wished that that prayer had come down to us. One thing, however, I know, it was full of self-forgetfulness and fervent pleading for those who knelt around him. No wonder when it was finished, they fell on his neck and kissed him, "sorrowing most of all for the words, *they should see his face no more.*" It would be a long, long time before they could find another so brave and affectionate a heart—one that would dare all things, and suffer all things for them.—They doubtless besought him to stay with them, and be comforted by their sympathy and love.—But no, though bonds and imprisonment awaited him in *every city*, none of these things moved him. On to his fate, not sadly, reluctantly, but serenely, *joyfully* he went, thinking only of fulfilling the ministry he had received. Calm, dignified and resolved, he took the path of duty, with an unfaltering step. No malice or threats of his foes could deter him from laboring for their welfare; no insults prevent his prayer in their behalf; no wrongs heaped on his innocent head keep back his forgiveness.

One cannot point to a single spot in his whole career, where he faltered a moment, or gave way to discouragement or fear. Through all his perilous life, he exhibited the same intrepidity of character and lofty spirit. With his eye fixed on regions beyond the ken of ordinary mortals, and kindling on glories it was not permitted him to reveal, he pressed forward to an incorruptible crown, a fadeless kingdom. And then his death, how indescribably sublime. Napoleon dying in the midst of the midnight storm, with the last words that fell from his lips a battle cry, and his passing spirit watching in its delirium the torn heads of his mighty columns, as they disappeared in the smoke of the conflict, is a sight that awes and startles us. But behold Paul also, a war-worn veteran, battered with many a scar, though in a spiritual warfare, looking back not with alarm, but transport; gazing not on the earth, but on heaven. Hear his calm serene voice ringing over the storms and commotions of life: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." No shouts of foemen, nor smoke or carnage of battle surrounded his spirit struggling to be free; but troops of shining angels, the smile of God, and the songs of the redeemed; these guarded him and welcomed him home.

FAITH.

It is one excellence of the Gospel, and a distinguishing one, that the spiritual act by which its blessings are brought to the reception of the soul, is in itself simple and obvious, and in its exercise familiar to men. It is an act of Faith; and Faith—confidence in the truth, or in other beings—is a mental act and state without which human society could not exist a day; which is exemplified constantly and in all relations in which men are placed. The wife trusts the husband, and the husband the wife; the child trusts the parent, and the parent confides in the love and intelligence of the child he has nurtured.—Between the members of the same circle in business or in society, of the same literary coterie, of the same party in reform—there must be mutual, reciprocated, undoubting Confidence, or there cannot be happiness or peace, or efficient cooperation.

We step into a railroad car, as the train pauses a moment in its headlong rush, and are borne away with more than the swiftness of the bird-flight, through forests that as we pass seem seem whirling from their places. One drawbridge out of place, and unobserved, would hurl us to instant and irresistible destruction. A single rail removed from the road, by accident or design, or broken upon it and not replaced, unless the eye of the engineer should catch the defect from afar, would tumble the whole vast train into a mass of iron and wood and human bones crushed indistinguishably together. And yet we ride in security, and with justified fearlessness; we ride thus because we trust the skilfulness and fidelity of those who are our guides; or rather we trust the company who employs them, and know that as responsible men holding responsible trusts, their directions have been given with minute accuracy, and their selection and supervision of their employers has been thorough and careful. We ride without alarm, and we have right to do so because we have Faith.

As night is coming on, we pass from the cars to the spacious saloons of the decorated steamboat, and commence our passage over a sheet of water that may be swept by hurricanes ere morning; that has been the scene of many and terrible wrecks, by storm and fire. And yet we sail on in cheerful security; we pass to the luxurious supper; we chat gaily with the friends who gather around us; we quietly lie down to the night's repose; and the brightness of the gay saloons but harmonize with the gladness and cheerfulness of our thoughts. It is because we *trust* the persons under whose charge we are.—We trust the pilot though we have never seen him, and are confident in his watchfulness and his acquaintance with our course. We trust the whole company with whom we are associated. We trust implicitly the one controlling and master mind which is the eye and brain to this whole body; and we know we are safe—those contingencies except which override all human skill—because our Captain is wise and kind and brave.

The Faith which the Gospel requires of us, and which God has established as the condition of his blessings, is directed to other realities than these, and to other beings. It is properly required to be more full and more effective than that we feel towards men; to be separated from all that alloy, of heedlessness and thoughtless indifference, which in human affairs is often blended with it; to be separated into the essential clearness and purity which befits its objects, and to be made to act steadily and with absolute power. But still it is generally the same Faith, the same act and state of the soul, with which men are elsewhere familiar. We are to *believe* in God, and to believe God; to believe what he says, and because he says it; to *trust* him, for his wisdom, goodness and love; to trust him in regard to his Providence, and in regard to his Moral Government. We are to *confide in* Christ, as his Son, our Teacher, Friend, Saviour, Intercessor. Having this confidence in him, we shall of course have peace in our own souls. His truth, received into the soul, in fullness and simplicity and vital power, will bless and renew us. We shall have communion with him, and receive of his Spirit. God will accept us, as the friends of his Son and the representatives of his spirit—will pardon us for our sins, and receive us into his favor.

The renewal and purification of the heart, the full and glorious enlightenment of the mind, justification before God and his Law, the opening of the gates of Heaven before the soul, and its final reception among the myriads of the redeemed—all are thus naturally and inevitably conditioned upon the exercise by the soul, toward God and Christ, of the Faith it exercises daily and hourly toward fellow-beings on earth. How simple the requirement! How rich God's grace in demanding no more! And how inexcusable and suicidal the neglect to cherish this filial Faith!—[Independent.

We give from the Reflector and Watchman the following, not because we agree with the sentiments of the sermon entirely, but a sketch of the most celebrated minister now living of the Scotch Church.

A SABBATH IN SCOTLAND.

But there is one redeeming point, and a great point it is too, and it would be well if some of our American cities would do likewise—the Sabbath is observed. Not a shop of any kind is open, rum and tobacco hide their diminished heads. The streets are filled with well dressed persons, all wending their way to church Mingling with the crowd we soon reached a handsome stone church and ascended the steps; at each door stands a benevolent looking gentleman before whom is a high stool on which is an urn-like dish covered with a white linen cloth. In this each worshipper as he enters drops his offering. In this way, the collections are made here almost universally. If a special collection is about to be made notice is given beforehand. The opinion, in this county, of the mode so prevalent in our country, may be gathered from the following remarks in a late number of the Examiner, respecting the services in one of the churches:

"The only thing that struck us particularly in the service, was the old and almost obsolete practice of gathering the collection in ladles handed about, from pew to pew, among the people. How this barbarous practice originated we know not, and still less can we account for its continued in a place where so many people of taste attend. Think of a congregation, the moment after they sing the praises of God, having an antiquated box thrust below their noses, while the clink of coppers ringing through the church lately vocal with praise. The only advantage we know resulting from this practice is the pleasure which the rich must enjoy as the ring of their silverings contrasts with the dull noise of the men of copper."

We enter a very large building with a high pulpit, below which is a miniature copy in which the precentor takes his seat. Soon a foppish looking man with a very broad white cravat, marches out of a side door, bearing the bible and hymn book in his arms; these he deposits in the pulpit, he descends, re-enters the side door and soon returns marshalling a tall, venerable looking man, who enters the pulpit, and the man in the white cravat—the beadle—closes the door and with measured tread returns whence he came. Happily this beadle nuisance is unknown in our country. Here in almost every church—out of a dozen churches I know of but one exception and that is a Baptist—the beadle with the most ridiculous gravity goes through the ceremony just described and at the end of the service opens the pulpit door. I have seen a beadle disturb a congregation by marching up the pulpit stairs during the time of prayer, in order to be at his post and open the door in the nick of time.

DR. WARDLAW.

The minister who sits so composed is Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, for nearly fifty years pastor of this Congregational church. He rises and gives out a psalm, the precentor immediately hangs out a sign in front of his little pulpit, on which the name of the tune to be sung is painted, and the whole congregation unite in singing. After reading the Scriptures, and engaging in prayer, during which the whole congregation stand, he announces his text, John 15: 11—"These things have I spoken unto you, and that your joy might be full." He commenced by stating that as the words are arranged, the true meaning is not conveyed, and that by a slight transposition it would be at once apprehended, thus, "that my joy in *you* might remain and that your joy might be full." Two joys are spoken of, the first not planted in or bestowed upon believers, but felt by the Saviour. The subject for discussion is reciprocal joy. I. Christ's joy in his people. II. His people's joy in him. III. The necessity of attention to the Saviour's words to secure the fulness and permanence of the joy. I. Christ rejoices in his people, 1st, as the gift of his Father. Tokens of his love. 2d. As the [illegible]

ed one a monument of its firmness, its richness. 4th. As renewed by the spirit and bearing his likeness. He delights in holiness, as seen in angels—in man primeval, in man renewed. 5th. As agents in spreading the good designed by the gospel. Thus he rejoiced in the apostles, he rejoices in the faithful now. What a stimulus!—Our devotion contributes to the Saviour's joy.—6th. On account of their love and obedience to himself. All beings delight in being loved.—That man's heart is not in the right place who does not. Our God himself delights in it, for what he does and gives, for what he is.

II. Christians rejoice in the Saviour, 1st, as divinely qualified. The God of glory stooped to earth. 2d. They rejoice n his sacrifice for sin. The victim and the priest. A sacrifice divinely provided, divinely offered, and itself divine. 3d. In his priestly intercession. In his living as well as dying for them. 4th. in the fullness that dwells in him. Inexhaustible, ever accessible. Do we feel our own ignorance? Wo are wise in his wisdem. Our own weakness! We are strong in his strength. 5th. In anticipation of his coming a second time without sin unto salvation. How the believer will see Jesus, be like him, be complete in him.

III. Attention to the words of the Saviour is essential to the permanence and fullness of this joy. Happy are the obedient, the steadfast: tor "if any draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." The blessed doctrine of perseverance may be used by those only who *are* persevering. All others abuse the grace of God, abuse the God of grace. Present faithfulness caused by union to the true vine is the only evidence of a gracious state. Speak not of the past! Would you point to a leafless, sabless trunk, aye, to the fruit once borne by it and say, behold a living tree? When the Christian can say, I do thy will, I abide in thy love, his joy is full, all other joy is delusion, a fire of his own kindling. Deceive not yourselves. You say you have faith; have you works! That you have hope; do you purify yourselves! That you have love; do you keep his commandments? That you have joy; is it joy from the fountain, does is spring form believing? If it does, blessed be his name, "though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Dr. Wardlaw's voice is soft and musical, his preaching may be described by the lines, written by Ralph Erskine:

"His silver tongue did living truth impart
With raised hand, fit emblem of his heart,
He saw, he felt, he sung redeeming love."

It seems rather strange to describe preaching as singing, yet all who have heard Dr. W. must confess there is a propriety in it. If he has any fault, it is lack of energy. There is a kind of earnestness, but it is of a calm kind, not suitable to every discourse. He does not seem to adapt his manner to his subject as much as would be desirable. As a reader of the Scriptures I never have heard his superior. In the early years of his ministry he preached extemporaneously, fortunately for the world he abandoned that custom, and his sermons will survive him. They contain more of the Scriptures than the sermons of any man I ever listened to, and withal the quotations are so very appropriate and well timed.

G. M. V.

Glasgow, Scotland, October, 1849.

IS WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION A FAILURE?

"Suppose that a man had met Sam Adams after the Revolution, and asked him how he had succeeded. Sam says to him, look round on these thirteen free and independent colonies. But, says our friend, how are the stores on Long Wharf? Do they let for as much as they used to do in '65? Are you as rich as you were? Is your house in Beacon-street, Mr. Hancock, worth what it was? This depreciated currency that I hear so much about; how is it as to that? Where is the industry of Massachusetts? At a discount. Where are your wharves? Grass-grown Where are your people? Broken up in all their habits of industry;—would be the answer. Where is your capital? Wasted. Where are your farms? Untilled. Where is Charlestown? Burnt. Where are your young men of twenty? 'Their bones lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia.' Where is the garnered capital of the thirteen industrious colonies, the representative of the toil of six generations? Scattered, most of it, to the winds.

"Ah, has the Revolution, then, been a failure! Was Sam Adams mistaken? Was John Hancock a fool! Were the men that went for a seven years' war, misguided, miscalculating fanatics? So ought the American papers to tell you now, when they ask us to prove the success of the West India experiment, by their exports; when they ask us to show, not that the slave is there, and the white man there, but that the farms are worth as much, that the cane is as fruitful, and that the docks are as full as they were before. Shame on such reasoners! It is a sad commentary on the spirit of the age—the dollar and cent spirit of the age—that the experiment of emancipation in the West Indies is judged of, always by figures—by dollars and cents; not by the moral consequences; not by the rights regarded; not by marriage held sacred; not by the schools filled up; not by the books circulated; not by the women withdrawn from the cotton, and sugar, and rice fields; not by the daughters kept at home to be educated; not by the children taken out of the cane field, and sent to Sunday school; not by the colored man sitting in his own house, master of his little home, whatever it may be: not by the self-respect you have called into being. These are the germs of civilization and prosperity, planted on the glorious First of August, 1834, and which the American people ignore when they would judge of the experiment, and only ask with the arrogant spirit of a white Yankee, whether business is as good; whether the banks paid as large a dividend; and whether plantations would sell for as large an amount as ever.

"Now the fact is, that all this is true also. It seems as if by magic, that such results followed the beautiful self-sacrifice of the British people. It seems as if nothing was to brighten this glorious page of disinterestedness, and to show the advantages of such a deed of benevolence; to round into poetic perfection this unique of History. Hence not only was the slave quiet, not only was injustice changed to justice, but there were actually as many ship loads raised and exported. Not only was the negro brought to see and love the first, last, noblest, greatest Sun that has ever risen on liberty and civilization—to him literature as well as religion, the Bible—not only was all this true, but also, the slave went to work.

"John Joseph Gurney said, that, with the zeal of a Yankee, he put cane plants into the soil; he brought forth more sugar, he raised more rice. Every article of export is increased, except rum, and I do not know but that is, in itself, a sign of improvement." [Wendell Phillips.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

It is not easy to convince the young of the moral meaning and effects of early neglect of instruction. The meaning certainly is—though it may sound severe in such plain words—a want of right principle, and a habit of eye-service, a lack of the obedience due to parents, and a cruel forgetfulness of their cares and anxieties. It is true that neglect of school-studies does not present itself to young people, in these aspects. but this is the plain English of the matter. A little reflection, or a good deal, may set it right; but by the time reflection comes, bad habits are formed, and the way is hard to retrace, and resolution is enfeebled [illegible]

words, for the meaning of an unfaithful mode of dealing with school-duties.

As to the consequences, we must speak quite as seriously. One great evil presents itself at the very outset—it is the temptation to falsehood. This begins with the first eluded lesson, but it is hard to say where it will end. The very first time that a scholar comes into the class with a placid and unconscious look, takes her seat with her companions as if she knew her lessons, and trusts to chance or to the whispers of her trusty friends, to conceal the fact that she has not learned it, she begins to act a falsehood as completely—though in common estimation it seems a less disgraceful act—as if she had framed the words by which to deceive her teacher. Truth admits no compromises; it requires that in such a case the pupil shall decline to attend the recitation under false pretences. The extensive rarity of such candor in schools shows the sad consequences of voluntary unfaithfulness. Let us hope that this plain statement of the moral aspect of the case may lead some ingenious minds to reflect.

After daily school-equivocation is over, comes the effort to deceive parents and friends, as to the general result, and next to wear a false appearance in society. If the generalness of a fault excused it we need not mention this, for is not every day's experience full of it? The desire to appear to know more than we really do know is so general, that it is like asking a moral revolution to speak of refraining from it. We are certainly not called upon to blazon our ignorance, and we have a right to make the most of such knowledge as we possess, but the grand endeavor is to pretend to know that which we have never learned. It is difficult to exaggerate the influence of this habit of false appearance upon the character. As truth is the basis of all virtues, so falsehood is their destruction, and whoever lives in the continual effort to appear what he is not, will undoubtedly find himself prone gradually to lower the moral standard in other respects, until right and wrong will cease to have distinct boundaries in his mind, and the expedient will become the rule of action. Some great faults there are which are not inconsistent with great virtues; habitual untruth, whether of speech or action, poisons the entire character. It is a moral cancer, whose seat is in the very spring of life, rendering the use even of the knife, at particular points of manifestation, perfectly useless. Can we treat lightly any course which threatens so dire an evil?

We have been more emphatic on this point because young people are so apt to err as to the real turp

It is the lot of some to make the discovery of the value of such stores late in life, and what is their vexation when they find it wholly beyond their power to remedy the carelessness which wasted the seed-time! The toil now required in order to commit to memory half a dozen stanzas, would in school days have sufficed to lay up a volume, and the volume then committed would have lain *perdu* until it was wanted, occupying the place of nothing else, and sure to recur if ever the danger and chances of life give occasion for its use, as they almost surely would, since our mental needs are boundless.

One of the wisest things, therefore, is the laying up of vast stores of poetry and eloquence while the verbal memory is strong. And by way of commencement let us not forget to recommend committing selections from the Psalms, not as turned into rhyme, but in the sublime simplicity of the Bible, to serve as perpetual aid to the better thoughts, and as suggestions of consolations in the day of trouble. Once fully learned, the hallowed words are ours forever, and by their sublime imagery, their deep devotion of sentiment, and their wonderful applicability to the affairs of life, and the phases of human character, they will repay our pains a hundred fold. These we should be disposed to recommend as the objects of earnest study, while the constant daily readings of the other Scriptures, will impress the sacred expressions and divine truths they contain upon the young mind, to a degree of exactness of which those who study them first later in life can hardly be aware.

It may doubtless appear odd and old-fashioned in these matter-of-fact days, if we still further urge the learning by heart of much other poetry. But poetry is the natural food of the human imagination; and we need it now as much as ever, and are suffering every day more from the want of it than for the lack of anything else but religion. Indeed, it is questionable whether we shall make much progress in religion until we become less suspicious of poetry. At least we may venture to commend the furnishing of the memory with poetry as a perpetual source of refined and innocent pleasure,—pure gold to plate the coarseness of life, sunshine for its darkness, flowers for its thorns. Certain it is that a pure taste for the best poetry, and a mind well stored with it, will render distasteful the frivolous and pernicious reading which turns so many female minds into mere wastes, haunted only by spirits unblest.

In this, as in all else, we must insist upon thoroughness, with earnestness which may seem disproportionate to the occasion. Inaccuracy of citation is absolutely a vice among us, and it were far better to learn no poetry than to learn it in the wretched style in which we often have it quoted. There is an offence in this far greater than appears. It is the highest injustice to the author to quote as his, expressions which he never used, it is confessing a want of all delicacy of appreciation in ourselves, to be content with our own bungling paraphrase, instead of the words which in their due place and order have won the admiration of the world. So general has carelessness in this particular become, that it is a rare thing to hear even Shakspeare cited correctly, in passages which have become current more from their exquisite felicity of expression than anything else. It is to be hoped that all who desire to enrich their thought and sweeten their daily life by the aid of remembered poetry, will feel it a sacred duty to the authors to whom we are so deeply indebted, to cling to their very words and the order in which they thought proper to set them, foollowing the golden rule in all these things.

[Sartain's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, October 27, 1849.

A NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

A few days since, we had occasion to look over the list of subscribers to the Register. We knew before that their number was large, but we were not aware how widely they were distributed over the country. There is scarcely a town in this Commonwealth where the paper is not taken; and throughout New England, and throughout the whole United States, there are few places likely to occur to the memory, where one or more subscribers may not be found. Before Sunday evening, our weekly issue has passed through the hands of thousands. While dwelling on this fact, we called to mind the interest, and the profit too, with which, many years ago, in the interior of the country, we read each week its columns. As we paused over the list before us, various suggestions rose to our minds, some of which we record, partly for our own benefit, and partly that we may convey to our readers what our idea of a religious newspaper should be.

It is obvious that a paper so extensively circulated, must be, according as it is conducted, the source of great harm, or of great good. It carries useful or mischievous thoughts each week, into many homes and hearts. The charge of it involves a serious responsibility. What then ought the editors of a religious newspaper to require of themselves?

Negatively they are bound to do no harm.—They may not under pretence of religious zeal, excite the irreligious passions and prejudices of their readers, and thus do them the worst injury which one human being can do another. They are not warranted in flattering the vanity nor in hiding the defects of those with whom they agree; and they have no special privilege, because it may help to build up a sect, to be false in their statements and unjust in their judgments towards those with whom they differ. They have no right to a monopoly of bad temper or unfair dealing. They are doing no religious work when they misstate and distort the opinions of opponents, and create alienation between those who should be brethren. They are not called on to envenom party divisions, nor in their efforts to establish what they think to be truth, to march over and trample down all christian charities and principles. They are bound at the least, to do no harm.

What then shall they propose to themselves as the end of their labors? When a parent sees his children reading a religious paper he should be assured that what they find there will tend to make them, as far as it has any influence, liberal and upright in judgment and action; that it will give them, not only just views of great religious subjects, but will teach them to set a value on truth itself; that it will tend to awaken the conscience and the religious sensibilities, and thus dispose them to be more useful among men, and more faithful before God. A parent has a right to demand that what pretends to be a religious newspaper, should have a religious influence in his family. If on the other hand, it kindles and keeps up sectarian jealousies, if its readers are made to think more of the growth of a sect or a church, than of the truth, if it help only to divide neighborhoods, and inflame distrust, and instead of making christians more and more the grateful children of God, it converts the different churches of a town into hostile camps, then is the paper a weekly returning nuisance, and all the worse for its good name. A bad passion becomes no holier, because it has received, outwardly, a christian baptism.

A religious newspaper should treat the important religious questions of the day. Its editors should set before their readers their best and most matured views on these subjects, and this without even a thought, whether they make for or against the body to which they belong. They should discuss these subjects in a frank, generous and serious spirit. They should avoid those and petty efforts to find and put them in the wrong, whose only result is to create in opponents an angry sense of injustice, and in the hearts of friends, one of the paltriest passions, that of spiritual self-conceit. A religious paper should make homes more religious, should help to enlighten and strenghten the conscience of society, and, while it promotes just views of religious truth, should promote that spirit of Christian love, which unites neighborhoods in friendly bonds, and draws differing sects together into the circle of a Christian fellowship. A religious newspaper should be a perennial fountain of humane, liberal, just, devout thoughts and sentiments. If at the end of a year all that can be said of it is, that it has inflamed sectarian zeal, helped to split neighborhoods into contending parties, and stirred up theological distrust, rivalry, and animosity, no matter how interesting and attractive it has been made, and in spite of its good name it has been a spirit of evil among men.

There is a common demand, that a newspaper shall first of all contribute to the amusement of its readers. This, however, is not our idea.—Its first object should be the benefit of its readers; and its editors in all that they prepare for its columns are to consider not chiefly what will amuse, but what will tend to give more correct and vital ideas of Christian truth, make men better neighbors and citizens, more just and useful among their fellow creatures, and more faithful servants and children of the Almighty Providence.

INTENTIONAL OMISSIONS.

There are certain subjects, some of them relating to Ecclesiastical affairs, on which it is possible some of our readers may expect some information in our columns, without finding it.—The truth is there are occasional events and doings transpiring within the limits of the Christian Church, so disgustingly indicative of folly, or indecency, or sin, or all of these combined, that we purposely avoid any reference to them, both from taste and from principle. We do not wish to incur, oftener than is absolutely necessary, the voluntary humiliation of adding to the publicity of transactions which almost qualify one's satisfaction in wearing the Christian name, compromise the whole fellowship, and create a sense of sickness, sorrow and shame. Instances that now occur to us, are the posture of Bishop Onderdonk, and the Libel Suit of Rev. Mr. Fairchild against Dr. Adams. The Public, so far as they are curious about such matters, will find these topics treated, with the utmost amplitude, and with all their interesting details, proceedings of courts, &c., &c., in the journals within their reach. We have little space to afford to them. When our Episcopalian friends definitely decide to leave Mr. Onderdonk alone, with his Maker, we shall gladly record the fact. As to Mr. Fairchild, he has been acquitted of the crime he has been charged with by a competent civil tribunal. Had grace been given him to shun the supreme self-contempt he is guilty of in bringing this suit, it would have been an important improvement to his prospects of future dignity and respectability. We commend both the parties to the Apostolic precept that forbids the servants of God to strive.

DR. CHALMERS.

Chalmers' Posthumous Works,—*Institutes of Theology*, vol. 1. Harper & Brothers.

In some regards Dr. Chalmers has no doubt been overrated,—in others he cannot be. Our generation has seen no better man, though many greater. His Memoirs, if simply and transparently written, will do more for his fame than his Works, and will last longer than they. His mind would hardly have given him eminence, had it not been for his large heart. But few are the hearts, so loyal to God, so promptly apprehensive of duty, so capacious in charity as his.—He thus won the most devoted affection and reverence of his friends, and none came within the sphere of his immediate influence without passing to the list of friends. The same genial elements of character gave glow and unction to his public discourses, throwing a subtle heart-eloquence into an elocution devoid of all conventional graces and proprieties His immense popularity as a preacher prepared an admiring public for his numerous works, none of which probably equal his reputation, or do justice to the native capacities of an always overtasked intellect. His style is as ungraceful as his delivery is said to have been. Provincialisms, harsh colloquialisms, idioms of his own coining, words adapted, not translated from the ancient languages, at once indicate the rapidity with which he wrote, and demand of his reader a corresponding slowness. He is almost always diffuse and repetitious. He seems often to arrive at an idea by the mathematical process of successive approximations. The first sentence is entirely nebulous. Then follows one with a little nucleus of definite thought in the cloud-sea. Then another in which that nucleus is rounded and made luminous, yet still environed by a hazy penumbra. Then comes a fourth, in which the gem of thought, which has been gradually evolving itself, shines like a star in the clear sky. And many of his Works would bear condensation almost in the ratio of one to four. Another prominent fault of his style is in the over-proportion of illustration to the thing illustrated, of incidental and collateral matter to direct exposition or discussion, and in general, of authority, proof or detailed statement to the importance, difficulty or obscurity of the subject matter. He often lights a platoon of candles to help his readers see the sun shine. As an offset to the disadvantage resulting from this mode of writing, his side issues are often such as are worth discussion for their own sake, and are followed out with so much patient thought or valuable learning, as to reward his readers for the digression, by large contributions to their general culture.

Dr. Chalmers was a man of vast attainments in almost every department of knowledge. As a critical student of the scriptures, he had rich materials at his command, but was too much the slave of system to show essential light on really difficult portions of the sacred writings. His most valuable comments are on passages with regard to which there is no difference of opinion, but which contain a latent depth and richness of significance to be opened only by a fervently devout mind. Many are the scattered texts, to which he has attached sparkling and glowing thoughts, which indicate how truly to the prepared spirit *all* scripture may be made "profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness." In the departments of Christian evidences and Christian ethics, his services have been large in amount and of permanent value, though it might be difficult to point to any one treatise, which is a full, clear, and satisfactory exposition of the subject in hand. In our apprehension, he has done more for the Christianization of political economy, than for any other of the numerous ends, which he proposed to himself. The subject of pauperism in all its bearings, and all his discussions of it are pervaded at once by a spirit of profound practical wisdom and of thoughtful benevolence. His articles on this and kindred topics in the earlier numbers of the North British Review have given us a higher appreciation of his genius, than we have derived from any other source, and at the same time have deepened our reverence for one, who had himself applied the gauge and the plummet to every form of human destitution and suffering within reach of his charity.

In general, posthumous works are atrocious injustice to an author's fame. It is not so in the present case. What Dr. Chalmers left unpublished was conscientiously finished to the full measure of what he had prepared for the press, and the volume now before us has the advantage of most of his previous theological treatises in condensation of thought and clearness of style. It contains, with the volume which is to succeed it, the substance of his course of Theological Lectures. It commences with preliminary ethical and metaphysical considerations, which are succeeded by admirable treatises on Natural Religion and on the evidences of Christianity. The subject-matter of Christianity he takes up in the natural order of human inquiry, commencing with man's actual condition, and passing thence to his nature, his moral history and his relation to God and the spiritual world, and thence to objective views of God, Christ and Christian verities in general. This volume closes with the chapters on the "Disease for which the Gospel Remedy is provided." We agree with the author that Christianity, (though involving in its doctrines and spirit, the law of right for all beings and for eternity,) in the form in which it is promulgated, is strictly a remedial system, specifically adapted to the disease of sin. As to the nature and origin of this disease we might join issue with him; but will defer such remarks as we are disposed to offer till the appearance of the second volume, when we shall be able to consider Dr. Chalmers' theological system as a whole.

READING.

The long evenings are now beginning, and we cannot too earnestly recommend to our young readers some systematic course of reading or study. Let each one begin with some good book of history, or science, or the life of a good man, and read it through. And having read it through, let him not throw it hastily aside, but endeavor to recall its principal facts, and by a review to fix them in the mind to remain there for life. The knowledge that we gained in this way very early in life during intervals of rest from more laborious pursuits, has remained with us as germinating seed from that day to this.—The leisure hours of a winter furnish rare opportunities for intellectual improvement, and the use you make of them must in a great measure decide whether you are to be an ignorant or an intelligent member of society.

NOTE-WORTHY READINGS FROM SCRIPTURE.

The Fulness of the Godhead in Christ.

Col: 2: 9. For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.

Col: 1: 19. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell.

Eph: 1: 23. Which [the church] is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.

Eph: 3: 19. That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

2 Peter, 1: 4. Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature.

John, 1: 16. And of his fulness have all we received.

In order to feel or understand at all the force of the sentences which we have quoted above from St. Paul, we must read the whole passages with which they are connected, and give ourselves up to the outpourings of his inspired soul, till we are lifted up in the elevation of his thoughts, and glowing with the fervor of his emotions. They are not separate apothegms, or theological formulas, or mataphysical statements, but expressions of reverence, love and wonder, outbursts of the deepest emotion, occuring in passages of the most lofty and impassioned eloquence. They cannot, therefore, be understood apart from the passages in which they occur, nor by a cool analysis of the passages themselves. Without the glow of intense emotion which interfuses itself through the whole structure of the language, and shines out from every part of it, the meaning must, in a great measure, escape us. It is so with every impassioned utterance. Single words which strike us with such marvellous power in the finest passages of Shakspeare or Dante, when severed from their connection, or approached in perfectly cool blood without the preparation that comes from going through all that precedes, will often be found either without meaning or in the highest degree extravagant. This is to be borne in mind in reading all St. Paul's epistles. They abound in wisdom and philosophy, in the plainest precepts of duty, and maxims of prudence even. But whenever he approaches Christ, or touches on his wonderful intervention for the redemption of the world, the fountains of emotion within him are stirred from their profoundest depths, and he cannot find language strong enough to express his gratitude and love, or the vast and glowing conceptions which he has formed of Christ in his mediatorial character and office. Before him, principalities and powers dwindle into insignificance. At his name, every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. In him dwelleth, while in his bodily form, all the fulness of the Godhead. He is the image of the invisible God, the first born of every creature. The Church is but his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all. It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. For this cause, I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, * * * that he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man, that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith, * * that ye may be able to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and so be *filled with all the fulness of God.*

In conformity with this mode of speech are the words of St. John. "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. And of his fulness have all we received." So also the words of St. Peter, "That by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature."

1. It is needless to dwell on the exalted conceptions of our Saviour's nature, character and office, which are implied in the language here used. It is not for us to measure them in all their length, and breadth, and depth, and height. Rather should we reverently humble ourselves before him and seek to be supplied from his fulness.

2. Whatever of majesty and greatness may be ascribed to Jesus by these passages, and whatever may be taught by other parts of the sacred writings, these do not make him to be God. In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead, but the Church, his body, is filled with the fulness of him that filleth all in all, and the Ephesians be filled with all the fulness of God. The word Godhead, has, with us, a technical meaning, but would more properly be translated *divinity* or *divine nature.* "All the fulness," refers rather to the capacity of him who receives them of him who gives. When we are filled with all the fulness of God, we do not mean that the whole of God is in us, but that we are filled to the full measure of our capacity with the divine elements of his nature. In like manner the church is the fulness of him that filleth all in all—not that all the miraculous power, and grace, and knowledge of our Saviour is in the church, but according to its capacity it is filled out with his spirit and his virtues. So Jesus, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the divinity, was not thereby endowed with the attributes of the Almighty; but his whole vast and incomprehensible nature was filled with the elements of a divine character and life. We cannot measure the extent of his capacity; but whatever it may have been, however far it may have reached through earth and heaven beyond the comprehension even of angels and archangels, it was full; "and of his fulness have all we received."

3. Whatever his fulness may have been, it was not original but derived. "*For it pleased the Father* that in him should all fulness dwell." Or if, because the word Father does not occur in the original, this passage, Col. 1: 19, be not considered decisive, let the reader turn to Eph. 1. (17—23) where St. Paul speaks of "the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory," and of the "working of his mighty power which he wrought in Christ when *he raised* him from the dead," * * "and *set* him at his own right hand," "far above all principality and power," "and *gave him* to be the head over all things, to the church, which is his body, and the fulness of him that filleth all in all."

4. Fourthly this fulness, whatever it may have been, is something of which we also, according to our capacity, may receive. This is asserted, Col. 5: 9: 10. "For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are *filled* in him;" for the word translated "complete," is the partciple of the verb to fill, having the same root as the word "fulness." We are to "receive of his fulness." Like him and through him we are "to be partakers of the divine nature,"—members of the church, "which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all,"—that we also may "be filled with all the fulness of God."

By these passages then, we are taught love, admiration, and reverence for Christ; but however above our highest conceptions may be his grace and power, we are to rise beyond him to "his God and our God," as the only object of supreme adortion and worship. As by nearness of union with Christ we receive of his fulness, and become with him partakers of the divine nature, and with gratitude and reverence bow the knee and confess him to be Lord, we shall do it all "to the glory of God, even the Father," whose is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever and ever.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

We should do injustice to our feelings did we not express our gratitude for the kind greetings which have been extended to us by our brethren of the press. We hope that the words of promise which they have spoken in our behalf will not be belied by anything that we may do. We would especially thank our brother of the Christian Inquirer for his generous welcome. We believe with him that the ability and success of each paper will add to the ability and success of the other, as the electric jar will never sustain so high a charge as when placed near another charged to the same extent. We shall be in one sense rivals, but our emulation, we trust, will go no farther than that encouraged by the apostle, when he exhorts the brethren to provoke one another to love and to good works. Heretofore we have rejoiced in his eminent success as an editor, and we shall still rejoice in it. But we shall be especially careful of our secret thoughts, lest they should fall into the hands of his Boston correspondent, whom we regard as a sort of limited omnipresence in our midst, a species of ubiquitous eye and ear. We employ no such mysterious agency in New York, for the simple reason that we do not know how. We have never learned the mastery of such an art; and besides, as our brother intimates, perhaps in the small village of New York there is not much occurring to interest the citizens of our great metropolis. In undertaking what we had not attempted ourselves, that is, a precise statement of the mystery of our editorial relationship, our friend is not quite accurate. But in serious earnest we like the company in which we find ourselves, and we like our work. With our co-laborers we shall do what we can for the advancement of sound learning, of a pure literature, of good morals, and, to say all in one word, for the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth. We know the magnitude of our work, we have our ideal of what it should be; and though it may often discourage us to find how far we fall below it, we love still to look up and press toward the mark of our high calling. And the more there are pressing on with us toward the same goal, the more shall we be encouraged and stimulated to new efforts.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR OCTOBER.

Mr. Brownson is unquestionably one of our ablest writers. His style, in compactness, simplicity and clearness, might be taken as a model for philosophical composition. Few men write so much, or so vigorously. His sentences, boldly and without waste of thought, move on, as under the direction of one who knows what he is doing and who is not unconscious of his power. We have been accustomed to consider Mr. Brownson the most skillful dialectitian in our country, and we have not changed our opinion now. Indeed what more decisive evidencecould be given of his logical ability, than that he should have been able to reason for his own powerful mind into the belief of doctrines so outrageous as those which he now puts forth? Yet in the present number of his Review, there are specimens of logic which would not be tolerated in the first Forensic of a Sophomore. Take the following, p 517: "We have looked over the work before us, and learn from it that the author labors to establish the coincidence of 'Ancient Craft Masonry to Natural and Revealed Religion.' If he could prove this, we see not wherefore we want Masonry. *If we find in Masonry only what we find in the Christian Church, it is unnecessary; for the Christian Church is sufficient of itself. If we find something else, we do not want it; for that something else must be false and hurtful.*"

Let us apply this reasoning to other things. If we find in the discoveries of modern science what we find in the Christian Church, it is unnecessary; for the Christian Church is sufficient of itself. If we find something else, we do not want it; for that something else must be false and hurtful. If we find in Brownson's Quarterly only what we find in the Christian Church, it is unnecessary; for the Christian Church is sufficient of itself. If we find something else, we do not want it; for that something else must be false and hurtful.

But really it is an idle thing for us to spend our time in pointing out the fallacy of such reasoning. In speaking of the Revolutionary efforts by which, in Italy and Hungary, the oppressed masses would free themselves from old tyrannies, Mr. Brownson says, p. 537, "Their heroes and model men are such enemies of God and man, of society and true liberty, such miscreants, as the Mazzinis, the Kossuths, &c.,—vile criminals, deserving nothing but the extreme vengeance of the law.". * * "The rebel against established and legal authority is guilty of the blackest crime of which man can be guilty against society. He is even a rebel against the Church, for she enjoins obedience to such government,—a rebel against God, for all legitimate power is from God, and whoever resists it, resists God, and incurs damnation." The amount of all this is, that whoever resists "established, legal authority," "resists God and incurs damnation;" because "all legitimate power is from God."—If Mr. Brownson uses the word "legitimate" in its highest sense, he utters the merest truism when he says that "all legitimate power is from God." But if the legitimate power of the rulers is from God, so the legitimate rights of the people are from God, and if he who resists the legitimate power of the government, resists God, and incurs damnation, so he who violates the rights of the people resists God, and incurs damnation; and if the ruler in the one case, has a divinely derived power to put down him who resists God by rebelling against his authority, so in the other case have the people a divinely derived right to put down the ruler who resists God by violating their rights. But if Mr. Brownson uses "legitimate power" as synonymous with "established and legal authority," and his argument requires that he should so use it, then we ask what is an "established and legal authority"? From the whole tenor of his remarks he would seem to assert that the fact of the existence of an established authority is to be taken as evidence that it is legitimate, and therefore from God. The moment, therefore, the rebels who are resisting God and incurring damnation have succeeded in establishing an authority, they become the agents of the Almighty. The God whom they have been resisting is now on their side, and whoever resists their authourity resists Him, and incurs damnation. If Mr. Brownson's reasoning means anything it means this, and when carried out, simply reduces itself to something very near an absurdity.

We come now to a more serious matter. In speaking of persecution, p 492, he says, "As to those who suffer it,—we say not as to the spirit from which it proceeds,—persecution is never persecution, unless directed against those who profess, and for professing the true religion." In plain language; the Roman Catholic religion is the only true religion. If, therefore, the Roman Catholic Church should imprison, torture, and kill men in any number and with the utmost aggravation of suffering, there is no persecution in the case. The victims "suffer no more than they deserve." For, as Mr. B. goes on to say, "An atheist, or infidel, has no conscience; and a heretic or a fanatic has only a false conscience." That is, every one out of the Roman Catholic church has either no conscience or a false conscience. The purest saints in all other communions—Jeremy Taylor and George Herbert and Leighton and Baxter,—the most devout among those whom we have known—men and women whose lives have been permeated and filled out by the spirit of Christ—have had only "a false conscience," and any amount of torture to which the church of Rome, if she had the power by which in former ages she crushed so many victims might subject them, would not be persecution; for she, and she alone, has the right to inflict such punishment, and "they can suffer no more than they deserve."

This is the doctrine maintained here in the United States in 1849 by Mr. Brownson in a Review, every number of which is backed up and endorsed by the "approbation and influence" of the two Archbishops, and no less than twenty-three Bishops, of the Roman Catholic Church, a body of men who may exercise in this country a greater influence than the executive government of the United States. What is to be the end of these things? Mr. Brownson's speculations are in themselves, as he would acknowledge, of little consequence. But that the outrageous and accursed principles of the old Inquisition should be advocated here, in a work approved by all the highest dignitaries of a church, whose adherents, numbered by millions, are so entirely under their control,—this is a matter to be seriously considered.

We respect Mr. Brownson's ability, and have no doubt that he believes himself entirely sincere; but his doctrines, some of them at least, are not more an outrage to reason and every true feeling of humanity, than they are to the plainest precepts and principles of Christ. We find ourselves growing indignant when we think of them as the views of a powerful religious body in our midst, but are only amused when we regard them simply as Mr. Brownson's speculations. Yet this feeling of indifference on our part may be carried too far, and doctrines which in their present relations seem too unimportant to be regarded otherwise than as the playthings of logic, may once more show the power of the old Dragon from which they are descended, and have a disastrous influence on the world.

PENAL BIBLE-READING.

The following paragraph, which we find in an English paper, reminds us of a practice that is not altogether extinct in certain families,—that of making the study of the Bible a penalty. What sort of impressions and associations are likely to gather about the sacred volume under such a system of domestic discipline, it is hardly necessary for us to describe. Taken in connection with the hateful methods often used to enforce on children a blind and stupid observance of the Sabbath,—instead of filling holy time with a living, engaging, genial and various spiritual instruction,—and aided by that falling of the countenance, and that constraint of manner, and that canting tone, that are so often made the accompaniments of every mention of religious things,—it would probably succeed shortly in creating a thorough disgust for the whole subject of religion, and lay a ready foundation for adult atheism. We recollect an instance within our own observation, where the father, a well-meaning man and strict disciplinarian, was accustomed to administer scripture as a substitute for the rod, on his two rather unruly boys. The sentence for any grave offence was to commit an entire chapter to memory, to be repeated to the mother,—the father being, of course, too busy for such trifles. The mother, kind soul, who had more tenderness, if not more principle, generally relieved the harshness of the judgment by pointing out to the afflicted, and not remarkably acquisitive, youths, some such resource as the forty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, or the one hundred and thirty-fourth Psalm. It cannot be considered a matter for surprize that the result of such a government as this was a disgraceful manhood, and the sorrow and shame of broken-hearted parents.

The paragraph is as follows:—

"Reading Gaol, England.—An interesting paper on the much talked-of system of reforming prisoners pursued at this gaol appears in the *Daily News*. The writer has just paid a visit to the building. The treatment of criminals there adopted is, he says, altogether a religious matter. 'The panacea for every offence is a text of Scripture. If a boy steals an apple from an orchard, he gets, say fourteen days, and five chapters by heart. A man who robs a butcher's shop of a leg of mutton, gets, say six months and the four Evangelists. The transport who has to pass his term of eighteen months will have to fasten in his memory from St. Matthew to Revelation. Every one must undergo the regimen. The magistrates have one remedy for every form of the disease. They make no exception. The infinite variety of the criminal mind is to them only a *tabula* on which to re-write the letter of the Gospel. That done, all is supposed to be done. Religious admonition—committal to memory of the *litera scripta* of the New Testament—these are the two great elements of the discipline of Reading Gaol.'"

SIGNIFICANT RESOLUTIONS.

In the northeastern part of Massachusetts, is a body of Universalist ministers, (fifteen in number,) organized into an association under the name of "The Merrimack River Universalist Ministerial Circle." At a recent meeting, the following resolutions were passed as expressing their views on important points. How far similar views are adopted by Universalist ministers generally, we are not able to say. We find them in the "Gospel Banner," which quotes them only to condemn them in a long and elaborate article. The fact however that such views are entertained by a whole association, and thought of so much consequence as to warrant their adoption and publication under the title of "*Important Doctrinal and Practical Resolutions*," would seem to indicate that they must prevail to a very considerable extent in the Universalist body.

Our purpose, however, is not to comment on the resolutions, but simply to record them, as a part of the religious history of the times.

The ministers belonging to the Association are:—

Rev. L. C. Browne, of *Nashua, N. H.*; B. M. Tillotson, *Manchester, N. H.*; T. Barron, *Concord, N. H.*; B. Smith, *Shirley Village*; C. Woodhouse, *Fitchburg*; C. W. Mellen, *Chelmsford*; A. A. Thayer, *Methuen*; W. Hooper, *Tyngsboro'*; V. Lincoln, *West Townsend*; G. H. Clark, *Lawrence*; L. B. Mason, *Haverhill*; and G. Hastings, A. B. Abbott, G. Hill and U. Clark, of *Lowell*. Their "Resolutions" were as follows:

Resolved, That the wants of our denomination, at the present time, demand of its ministry a more *affirmative* method of ministration, dwelling more upon the positive truths of our theology, and with less direct attack upon the opposite errors.

Resolved, That it is inexpedient and practically unprofitable to teach that the exercise of man's moral agency is to have no part in the attainment of salvation.

Resolved, That we are unauthorized by Scripture, and that it is unprofitable to preach that the consequences of the present life do not extend beyond the grave.

Resolved, That our ministry should retain the *simplicity* and *tangibility* of our leading doctrines, and should aim to enforce them with all the skill and beauty of composition and delivery to be attained by the aid of scientific and literary culture.

Resolved, That a large proportion of our preaching, both in old and new Societies, should be of a practical and devotional character.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGES.—PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY GOVERNMENT OF BOSTON.

The "Committee on the Library," in relation to the donations from the city of Paris have made their report, and it has been published, together with a complete catalogue of the reciprocal gifts exchanged between the two cities, and the names of the donors. From this pamphlet it will be seen that as far as the authorities of Boston, and many of its influential citizens, booksellers, artists, and authors, are concerned, one department of M. Vattemare's favorite project has received generous encouragement. The report treats this occurrence as both a sign and a bond of unity between the two nations, as well as between the two cities; pays a cordial tribute to M. Vattemare, as "the sagacious, zealous and philanthropic individual, whose mind conceived the vast benefits that would result to mankind, from an interchange of books and works of art, among Christian and civilized nations," and advocates,—what is certainly a noble and quite feasible plan,—the making of the volumes which have been received in gratuity from Paris, and to which the Boston gifts are a response,—the nucleus of a Free City Library. Such an institution would certainly prove an efficient help to the various appliances for intellectual culture already established in Boston, and would probably prove a stronger moral safe guard, and a better antidote to dissipation and vice, than the Moral Reform and Temperance Societies together,—yet all honor to these! By and by, men will learn that it is a wiser investment to buy books than to build jails, and to pay the printer than the police officer.

The catalogue mentions the titles of about seventy volumes, very valuable, and principally statistical, presented by the city of Paris to the city of Boston, and of more than a thousand volumes, of all degrees of importance, from the least to the greatest, presented, in return, by the city of Boston to the city of Paris. If our pride begins to be distended by the disproportion of the numbers, it becomes us generously to remember that what the trans-atlantic Capital lacks in the measure of her gifts, she makes up in having been the originator of the humane and liberal idea.

Of course, it would be absurd to suppose that in each individual case, the motives of the giver were the loftiest and purest possible. But where the general character of a transaction is manifestly elevated and disinterested, it would be a contemptible criticism that should pry, with mean curiosity, into the less favorable examples. How preposterous, in such a connection as this, seems the thought of a possible interchange of bullets and bombshells between the French and the Americans, on account of a breach of etiquette between unskillful, or skillful, diplomatists! War grows impossible, as knowledge grows universal, and seems foolish just in proportion as mankind become wise.

Mr. D. N. Haskell, the author of the report, is one of those young men, whose united enterprise, self-culture, and love of letters are the best proofs of the benefits that books can confer, and that do honor to their country, both at home and abroad.

Faith, Fidelity. Faith is the fountain of life in the soul; fidelity a stream of beneficent action fed from the fountain, and without which the fountain would become stagnant and dead.

TO THE EDITORS.

Northampton, Oct. 18, 1849.

According to my promise, I give you some account of our Conference at Springfield, on the 16th and 17th insts. It is a very attractive task, for everything was directed into a most pleasant and profitable channel. I am glad to have amongst the pictures in my chamber of imagery, the beautiful hill-side of one of our loveliest inland towns, studded with its noble dwellings, shaded by its gorgeous autumnal trees, and bathed in the warm sunlight of an anticipated Indian Summer, side by side with the scenes of most earnest, but calm discussion in the Church of our Faith, about which such hallowed associations gather. The object of the meeting on Tuesday, which was opened with prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Emmons, of Vernon, N. Y., was to hear from the President and some of the members of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, a statement of the Plans and Claims of this body upon liberal Christians. It was at first a sore disappointment to find that the President of the Association and others, had been unavoidably detained. But every feeling of this sort was soon forgotten in the very deep spiritual interest awakened by the earnest addresses of Rev. Mr. Hosmer, of Buffalo, Lincoln of Fitchburg, and Bellows of New York, who spoke for the Association, as true Catholics, as hearty advocates of spiritual religion, as men pleading for the extension of Gospel privileges. The clergymen from the various parishes, on the high hills, and in the broad, rich meadows of this region, listened gladly to the voice of their brother Hosmer, returned to them for a short space, after an absence of thirteen years upon the borders of the great West. Inquiries were proposed and answered with reference to the education of students at Meadville and elsewhere, and a very lively missionary interest was awakened in clergymen and laymen, so that we were sorry indeed for the many of the Springfield congregation who should have been present, but were not. From Hartford to Bernardston, our Societies were represented by their Pastors and delegates, even at this first session; the promised exposition of the views of the Association having secured this early attendance. In the evening, a small but attentive congregation, in which more than one denomination of Christians and of Christian ministers, were represented, listened to a discourse by Rev. Mr. Bellows, from Romans 10: 9, upon a well-defined, positive, heaven-derived, miraculously attested Faith in Christ, as essential to spiritual safety and peace. The preacher earnestly warned his hearers against a certain vagueness, mistiness, and misplaced generalizing to which he believed liberal Christians to be exposed, through their dread of dogma.

The conference assembled again in the morning. Hon. George Bliss took the chair, and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Ellis, of Northampton, addressed to the meeting some plain and pertinent words of courteous welcome and explanation. Intelligence from the churches was then asked. Rev. Dan Huntington, of Hadley, most fitly opened the conference with some delightful reminiscences of his own ministry, first Orthodox, and then liberal, commenced just fifty years ago, and of his intercourse with Dr. Howard, the predecessor of Dr. Peabody,—an intercourse made very significant by their joint study of Scripture, and joint change of opinion upon the subject of the Trinity. The words came *from a full heart. Plain* statements were then made by pastors and by delegates of the congregation of their various parishes. Some of these statements were deeply interesting. It was evident that the feebleness of many churches in this region arises, not from decaying interest in religious institutions, but from the religious division of the past thirty years. There are too many societies; more not less is done than formerly, as in Bernardston, for example; two ministers during the whole of the year, and two other ministers during half of the year are sustained where formerly there was but one, and without any corresponding increase of population or wealth. It did one's heart good to hear brother Bridge's elevated labors, out of his immediate sphere in school-house preaching, book distributing, and the like. *He* did not magnify them, but we must, though we love not to eulogize in public the members of our own household. We heard from Deerfield, the original fountain of liberal Christianity in this region, where forty years ago, the multitude of Church and Congregation gathered about one of the earliest Unitarian ministers in the State, the sweet and powerful influence of whose blameless and singularly Christian life, has charmed to silence every whisper of bigotry within the circle of those who know him, the light of whose soul shines with exceeding brightness though the windows of flesh are darkened, and whose voice still pleads from his retirement, for liberty, holiness and love. It is a strong fortress, and those who keep it, the elder and the younger, are filled with faith. Every person present rejoiced to hear from the Pastor of the Model Church of Rome, the Pinnacle of our Zion, the tabernacle upon the mountain, overlooking the valley, whose white headed Octogenarians and Septuagenarians teach Sunday school classes of tender youth whose years range from six to sixty, though indeed there be some under six, and some over sixty, where all who are not teachers are scholars. May that longed for bell, soon send forth its solemn peals of invitation, to summons the dwellers in the Hill Country to their beautiful and loved house of prayer. But I must have to say, that indirectly or directly, intelligence concerning all the churches was received, and materials gathered for the afternoon conference upon the ways and means of affording aid to those who needed aid, whilst most fortunately the President of the Unitarian Association arrived in season to contribute his valued counsel. After some additional facts and remarks had been presented by clergymen of the Valley, Mr Bellows opened the discussion of remedies with the advocacy of a Mission throughout the Valley, the object of which should be to stir the heart of the people to a deeper and more vivid Christian experience, which by subordinating property to Religion, would make the support of religious Institutions essy. Dr. Gannett, by special request of the chairman followed, in a most Catholic plea for the American Unitarian Association, as the most economical and efficient instrument for Unitarian Missions. Choose your own objects, said he. Do you say a mission for this Valley? He shall start by the first January, 1850. Do you say a foreign mission? Give me $200 and I will send it by the steamer to India, in aid of the erection of a Unitarian Missionary Chapel, or I will, next day, place a young East *Indian* in one of our Academies. Do you ask, "how much shall Springfield Congregation give?" I answer (The money was subscribed before the sun went down, and steps were taken to ensure a permanent subscription.) Hon. James Fowler, of Worcester field, thought that enough had not been done, and proposed to join the Springfield Soci-

in raising $1000 for the missionary purposes. Dr. Osgood asked leave to throw in a word, and was gladly listened to. He expressed his entire satisfaction with the discourse of the preceding evening, thought that we ought to raise more money, as should all Christians of all denominations, and invited Unitarians who dread Sectarianism, to join him and his Orthodox brethren. The interest in the discussion not abating, it was proposed to continue it during the evening, when accordingly the conference was renewed with fresh earnestness. Mr. Greene, of Brookfield, having offered prayer, Rev. Mr. Simmons, pastor of the Springfield Society, urged the paramount importance of applying Christianity to the individual heart, and expressed his deep interest in the large objects of the Association. Rev. Mr. Greene expressed his anxiety lest a Unitarian sect should be organized, which would exclude him from the liberal fold. Dr. Gannett, a misapprehension of some of whose remarks had created this impression, rose to explain and emphatically to disclaim any such intention, and Mr. Greene expressed himself entirely satisfied. Rev. Mr. Lincoln, of Fitchburg, earnestly pressed upon all of us, the supreme importance of our largest and highest Christian interest, in words of simple, and mild, but most persuasive Christian eloquence, and after some kind words of leave-taking, and thank-offering, by Rev. Mr. Simmons, and an invitation from the Rev. Mr. Ellis to the conference, to hold their next meeting at Northampton, our exercises closed with prayer by Dr. Gannett, and the singing of the Doxology, "From all that dwell below the skies" by the whole congregation: we separated truly grateful for the opportunity of coming together, and for the hearty welcome and hospitality of our friends in Springfield, for whom, and for their Pastor, we crave the best gifts of our heavenly Father.

All our hearts were refreshed. I say it not rhetorically, but in truth and soberness. We rejoiced to know one another and one another's wants more fully than we ever before had known them. We resolved to do what we could, the stronger for the weaker. And we said, we will go now and use our great Liberty to sit at the feet of Jesus, and receive from his blessed lips the Everlasting Word of Life and Love and Peace. We shall make our hands strong! We shall anoint us with the oil of gladness. And men shall take knowledge of us as His disciples, and they shall even come to us and ask what is this great Truth which makes you so blessed,—and we will tell them, it is the simple Truth of our Common Lord and Master. Let us no longer strive. Let us love Him as brethren!

I have not given you the names or the words of all who were present. There were several clergymen, not immediately connected with the ministers of the Valley of whom we should be glad to speak, but we must content ourselves with this poor attempt to give you some idea of the spirit which animated the meeting.

Most truly yours, E.

A VISIT TO THE STATE PRISON.

On Sunday forenoon the writer availed himself of an invitation to visit the State Prison, at Charlestown. The kind hearted men who deny themselves the pleasures of their firesides and the society of their friends that they may devote a part of the Sabbath in labors of love amongst the unfortunate convicts were on their return home as we passed through the prison gate.

In the yard stood a coffin which contained the remains of a prisoner whom death had set at liberty. Most speakers desire to have a large audience and it is gratifying to the vanity of most men to know that as time rolls on, their congregations increase in numbers. I must however confess that I was sorry to see so many hearers before me and was pained to hear the fact that nearly one hundred had been added to their numbers since I addressed them before, which is but little more than twelve months. After a short prayer by the chaplain and appropriate singing by the choir, a few remarks were made by Alderman Grant and the writer. There were three hundred and sixty convicts before us—a motley group of various shades of complexion, from *different nations on the earth, representing* every grade of life. They listened with intense interest to what was said to them, and when the speakers alluded to home and friends, and mentioned the name of mother, many bowed their heads and wept. I need not state a well known fact that the prison is as neat as a private parlor, and that the inmates enjoy good health.

I noticed quite a number of young men there whose countenances certainly afforded no indications of hardened depravity. There are some of an opposite class who have been committed for the second, third, and even a fourth time. May the time speedily arrive, when every man shall love his neighbor as himself. Then *To Let* shall be written on the prison walls.

G. W. B.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. NO. IV.

Messrs. Editors:—The name of the Association is disagreeable to some persons. They would prefer that the word *Unitarian* should be erased, or wish it had never been adopted. The Association, however, must have some name, and alike for honesty's and convenience' sake it should be a distinctive name, one that will indicate the purpose for which the Association was formed. The more clearly it indicates this purpose, the better. Now the Association was formed for the purpose of "spreading the knowledge and promoting the influence of pure Christianity throughout our land." At the time of its organization the word *Unitarian* denoted what they, who were known by this name, regarded as pure Christianity. It had an intelligible and specific meaning. It was both precise enough and comprehensive enough. It indicated at once the Anti-Trinitarian and the Christian belief of those whom it was used to designate. It covered no concealment of their opinions; it cast no opprobrium on those who held other opinions. By general consent it had become the name under which they were most briefly, yet most significantly described. It was therefore adopted by the early friends of the Association as most suitable for their purpose.

Whatever objection might have been made at the first, or might now be urged, if the commencement of such an institution were in our hands, the fact that the Association has existed for more than twenty years under this name would seem to deprive the objection of much of its force, or at least to offer a reason why the name should not prevent efficient support. It has borne this title through its whole history. It received incorporation under this title. It must retain the name, which prescription and law, as well as the choice of its founders, have fastened upon it; and the question is, not whether the Association shall alter its name to gratify those to whom it is unpleasant, but whether they shall on this account withhold their co-operation in the purposes for which it was organized.

The name itself, as it seems to me, is worthy of the cordial adoption of those who hold the opinions which it is used to denote. I certainly cannot assent to the remark that it "has just meaning enough to mislead men," nor withhold the expression of my surprise that any one should fall into such a misconception of its meaning. Whether regarded in its negative or its positive import, it suggests definite and important ideas. Negatively, it excludes a belief in a tripersonality of the Divine Nature, and expresses the rejection of all Trinitarian hypotheses. Positively, it affirms the great truths of the Divine existence, the Christian revelation, the authority of Scripture, the right of private judgment, and the moral responsibleness of man; for a name must always be construed with reference to the circumstances in which it arose, and the connections in which it is used. "Unitarian" became the title of a body of men who, departing in some respects from the prevalent belief of their countrymen, appealed to the teaching of Christ, and to the writings of his apostles, that is, to Holy Scripture, interpreted according to their best judgment, and under a sense alike of the privilege and the duty which devolved on them, for the justification of their dissent from the popular faith. Had the term arisen in a Mohammedan country, it would have borne a different signification; in a Christian land it embraced within its natural and proper interpretation all the ideas which I have specified. If any confusion has since been thrown over its meaning, it has suffered no more than every other word in human speech may be made, and is made, to suffer from misuse. Liberal, Evangelical, Orthodox, Christian, may all be assumed by persons to whom they do not properly belong, or whose right to adopt them others might dispute. The words religious, pious, devout, charitable, may be explained or used in other than their legitimate senses! Shall we therefore discard them, or pronounce them suited only to mislead; or shall we retain them, and by our use of them establish their true meaning?

A benevolent organization must have some name. A religious body, whether more or less closely compacted, must have a name. Those who hold in common certain religious opinions which distinguish them from other people, whether they incline or not to maintain a sectarian existence, will be known as a denomination, and will be called by a name. The only liberty allowed them will be that of choosing their name; and they are fortunate if they be permitted to select their own designation. Of the several names which have been proposed in the place of Unitarian, there is not one that is not liable to more serious objection than this. None of us, probably, would consent to be called after the name of an uninspired teacher. Neither Priestley nor Channing is an authoritative guide to us. Any name borrowed from a fallible leader either implies a mournful subjection of the mind to human control, or involves a falsehood in the annunciation of an agreement which does not exist. "Orthodox" has been so completely wrested from its lawful meaning, and has become so entirely a technical designation, that it must be left where it is. "Evangelical," an excellent word, we have also allowed to pass into a narrow signification, till now it may be too late to reclaim it to its better sense. "Liberal," is subject to the very grave objection—not that it may be taken to mean latitudinarian in sentiment or lax in morals, for this is a mere malicious perversion, —but that on its very face, and as the prominent idea which it suggests, it claims for those who appropriate the name both an intellectual and a moral superiority over those who differ from them; and however just this imputation of superior excellence may seem to them, it does not appear to be either very modest or very wise continually to remind others of it by an arrogant and offensive title. From the use of the word "Christian," as a distinctive name, we are cut off, on the one side, by the breadth of its proper signification, for we should be slow to deny to members of other Communions the right to call themselves Christians, and on the other side, by the partially successful attempt of a body of believers, between whom and ourselves there are points of difference, as well as of agreement, to make this their peculiar designation.

"Unitarian" appears to me, therefore, unexceptionable, appropriate, and useful, as the name by which we, (that is, we who love to read the Register) should be called, and by which that organization for religious beneficence which we can most conscientiously and heartily uphold, should be known. E. S. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Exercises in Greek Prose Composition, by Prof. Boise of Brown University: D. Appleton & Co.

A school-book of the highest order, containing a carefully arranged series of exercises derived from the first book of Xenophon's Anabazes, (which is appended entire,) an English and Greek vocabulary and a list of the principal modifications of irregular verbs. We regard it as one peculiar excellence of this book, that it presupposes both the dilligent scholar and the painstaking teacher, in other hands it would be not only useless, but *unusable*. We like it also because, instead of aiming to give the pupil practice in a variety of styles, it places before him but a single model of Greek composition, and that the very author who combines in the greatest degree purity of language and idiom with a simplicity that both invites and rewards imitation.

European Life and Manners. Second Edition. By Henry Colman Boston: Little & Brown. London: John Petherham. 1849.

Since the publication of the first edition of this work, our readers have seen the account of the death of its lamented author. He was on a second visit to England, and was just preparing to return home, when he was attacked by the disease which terminated his life. It has given a new interest to what proved to be his last work.

These volumes have been very favorably received, but we have seen several criticisms upon them, which we have thought quite unjust.—The truth is that they possess great merits of a peculiar kind. In his two large volumes on European Agriculture, he gave the results of his observations on this important subject; but he observed much more than they contained. These volumes are composed of letters written to his family and friends, giving an account of what happened from day to day, and incidentally, an interior view of the every day life of English society. And notwithstanding the tender sensibilities of critics, we have reason to know, that the persons from whom these descriptions were drawn were not troubled by them, but maintained their warm and friendly interest in him, up to his death. Few persons from this country, have had equal opportunities of becoming acquainted with the domestic life of the highest classes of England. His mission put him into immediate relations with the land-lords, that is, with the aristocracy of England, and where Mr. Colman became once acquainted, he found lasting friends. He had prepossessing manners, very extensive and varied information, and one of the kindest hearts ever put into a human bosom. And these qualities caused him to be welcomed as a friend, where others would have received only the most formal hospitalities. In addition to this, he had infinite activity, quick sympathies, and a mind ever open and ready to appreciate what was going on around him. These letters contain the impressions made upon him from day to day. They were written that his family might follow him, and see what he saw, and enjoy what he enjoyed.

They may sometimes be diffuse, some things may be repeated, some things might have been omitted; they contain no discussion of social or of philosophical problems; but they do contain a description of the in-door life of England, which no American was more competent to give than he, and an account of those peculiarities of manner and modes of living most likely to strike a stranger, and which those of us who cannot visit England, may be very well pleased to have reported by so competent an observer.

We are quite as desirous of understanding the domestic habits of England, as those of Greece or Rome. How invaluable should we esteem a book of travels like these, in those lands, in the age of Pericles, or the reign of Augustus.

An address at the annual Commencement of the Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Ga. By A. H. Chappall, 1849.

The author of this well considered, well written and eloquent address has been a distinguished representative in Congress, from Georgia.—The address is noteworthy as showing the attention paid in that State to education. In every matter pertaining to internal improvement, Georgia is taking the lead of nearly all the Southern States. She has extensive railroads; manufacturing establishments are springing up in the interior; and best of all, she has men who understand the importance of education. The address treats of the condition of woman in the more civilized States of the ancient world and of the change wrought by Christianity. The first step in this change was to give sanctity to the marriage bond and to the home; the next, through laws, customs and general sentiment, to raise woman above the degradation of position to which she was formerly doomed; and finally we now see a new development of Christian influences in the efforts made to secure to woman opportunities of education equal to those enjoyed by men.

Scenes where the Tempter has triumphed. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In general, books which give an accounnt of crime, are written solely to gratify a morbid taste in the reader, and even if they do not turn the criminal into a hero, they are pernicious by familiarizing the mind with vice. This work by the author of "The Jail Chaplain" is written to illustrate the truth that there is no such thing as successful villainy. Guilt is made to appear in its true deformity and in company with the retributions which inevitably dog its steps. It would be well if all narratives of crime were written in the spirit which has controlled the author of this little volume.

A Discourse delivered at the funeral of Rev. John Pierce, D. D., together with a Biographical Sketch from the Christian Inquirer: Crosby & Nichols.

The discourse is simple, appropriate, devout, a fitting tribute of affectionate respect from a young associate to the memory of an aged and faithful minister. The biographical sketch is an interesting and faithful likeness of one whom we all love to remember.

The Child's History of Rome. By E. M. Sewall. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This work published by the Appletons, is by the author of Amy Herbert. It is written in a simple, fluent and attractive style, and well suited to interest the young. We know of no better work of its kind. Its value is increased by the addition of questions, which we suppose are intended to make it suitable for a school-book.

Having said thus much, we must however say that we greatly doubt the wisdom of this modern passion of simplifying books for the use of children. Our theory, so far as it regards those who love to read, is, that they should have but few books and those the best. We do not think it necessary that every thing should be brought down to the level of a child's mind, but rather that the child should be encouraged to raise itself to the level of a mind higher than its own. For one that was intelligent and fond of reading, we should prefer Arnold's Rome to any abridgment with which we are acquainted. But thosa who wish for a work of a more brief and simple character, will find this well suited to their purpose.

The Presidents of the United States, their Memoirs and Administrations, includiug an account of the Inauguration of each President, and a history of the political events of his administration, and the transactions of Congress at each Session, to which is added the Declaration of Independence; articles of Confederation; Constitution of the U. S., with notes and decisions, etc. etc., by Edwin Williams. New York: Edward Walker. 1849.

The above is part of the long title of a large work, which must be of great value as a book of reference in the house not only of every statesman, but of everyenlightened citizen. It has portraits, engraved on steel, of the Presidents, and contains a great amount of important information relating to our political history, which cannot, we think, be found anywhere else within the same, or any thing approaching to the same limits.

The Pastor's Wife. A Memoir of Mrs. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel. By her husband.—Robert E. Patterson, Philadelphia. Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln, Boston.

This is the Memoir of a very devout and devoted woman, narrowly sectarian in her religious sympathies, but exhibiting a degree of fidelity to her convictions by which all may be instructed. Her type of piety is not attractive to us, and there are some expressions which shock our religious sensibilities; but the life is one which by the abundance of its labors may humble us, and at the same time stimulate us to greater efforts for the good of others.

The Old World: or Scene and Cities in foreign lands. By William Furness. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A sprightly, superficial book, containing a dashing account of a rapid journey through England, France Switzerland, Hungary, Turkey, &c., with what seems to be a good map of Europe. The Bay State Collection of Church Music. By A. A. Johnson, Josiah Osgood, and Sumner Hill. Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co. This contains, besides fifty pages of exercises for beginners, a goodly collection of tunes old and new. History of the French Revolution of 1848. By A. De Lamartine. Translated by F. A. Durivage and William S. Chase. Vol. 1 Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1849. The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature. W. H. Bidwell, Editor. New York, October. An admirable selection.

We have received, and hope more particularly to notice hereafter, *A discourse on the Soul and Instinct, Physiologically distinguished from materialism*, by Martyn Paine, M. D. a work of marked ability; *Contributions of CC, or Criticus Criticorum*, a tract showing that the Orthodox Reviewers of Dr. Bushnell differ more widely from one another than from them whom they would convict of heresy—quite an entertaining pamphlet—*Supplement to the Statesman's Manual* brought down to President Taylor's Inaugural address.

Shakspeare. We have received from Phillips, Sampson & Co. the first two numbers of their fine edition of Shakspeare, each number containing an entire play and an engraving of the heroine of the play. The paper is good, the print large and clear, and the price very moderate.

We have received also from the publishers—The Ladies' Repository, The Child's Friend, The Gospel Teacher, Godey's Ladies' Book, Brownson's Review, The Sailor's Magazine, for October.

A Report in relation to a division in the yearly meeting of Friends in 1845.

The spirit world—a poem by Rev. Joseph H. Wythes, who in his preface tells us "he hath done what he could," which, on reading the poem, we see no reason to doubt. The spirit of the poem is good, but the subject too high for any but the highest order of imagination purified and sanctified by a religious faith. Mr. Wythes evidently has the faith, and his poetry is decidedly better than most of the blank verse that comes from the press.

We understand that Mr. Ticknor's work on Spanish Literature is now in press and will probably be published in the course of the autumn. From the character of Mr. Ticknor's other writings, from his pure taste, his great literary ability and learning, as well as from the ample time and labor that he has bestowed upon it, we have reason to expect a work which, in variety of interest and whatever comes from sound scholarship and rare opportunities of information, will take the place of all other works on the subject, and be a permanent honor to our country.

It is said that Washington Irving has in the London press, the lives of Mohammed, of Washington, and of Goldsmith.

History of the Scotch Irish. We see by the Congregational journals that the Rev. Mr. Parker, of Londonderry, N. H. has prepared a history of the Scotch Irish, their condition in Ireland, their different settlements, and subsequent history in this country. Mr. Parker in his Century Sermon has fully shown his fitness for such a work; and we trust that he will receive from those interested in the subject, such encouragement as will induce him to put his book immediately to press.

It is intimated that Mr. Jos. T. Buckingham may prepare a sketch of the life of the late Benj. Russell. He has access to all Mr. Russell's papers, and no one is better qualified to prepare his biography.

☞ In last week's paper some excellent verses by James T. Fields were erroneously claimed as the original property of the "Register." The obliging friend who copied them for us out of the author's beautiful volume of Poems, probably affixed the label of editorial ownership, meaning no robbery, but in simple ignorance of the editorial art and mystery, and the error was overlooked. Having offered this apology, we can only wish that we could somehow turn our mistake to such account, that Mr. Fields might himself write "For the Register" over the very next fruit of his poetic invention.

American Unitarian Association. At the Convention in Springfield, last week, the presiding officer, Hon. Geo. Bliss, pledged a contribution of $500 from the Unitarian Society there, to the funds of the Am. Unitarian Association, to aid it in its work of Christian benevolence.

Milbury. We understand that Unitarian preaching has been commenced at Milbury, on Sabbath evenings, with a respectable attendance.

Savannah, Geo. Mr. I. A. Penniman, who has been preaching to the Unitarian society in Savannah, Geo., the past year, is about leaving that field of labor. As it is an important position, we hope his place will soon be filled.

Dartmouth College. By the catalogue we see that this very respectable though rather severely sectarian college has now 55 medical students and 196 undergraduates. It has six medical Professors, and seven Professors in the collegiate department besides two Professors *emeriti*. Why Professor Crosby, who is inferior in reputation for scholarship and ability as a teacher to no Greek Professor in the country, should in the early maturity of his faculties, be entered on the roll with merely the nominal title of *emeritus Professor*, does not appear from anything that we find in the catalogue.

In looking into the political papers of our State, it is pleasant to see that all unite in paying the highest respect to the three candidates for Governor. The single exception that has come to our knowledge was a charge too palpably false to injure any one except the party that made it. It is an honor to the State that three such men should be selected as candidates, and a still higher honor that even partizan papers should so recognize the worth of private character as, under these circumstances, to let no personal attacks or insinuations even lend their sting to the violence of party warfare.

The Europa, from Liverpool, a week later than previous advices, brings no decisive news in respect to the posture of European affairs, or the fate of Sir John Franklin. We are evidently in no danger of a rupture with France. The potato disease is extending sadly in Ireland.

Many items of intelligence have been crowded out.

On Wednesday, the Normal School, at West Newton, was visited by the Legislative Committee. Number of pupils 105, from 16 to 26 years of age. The school under its new Principal, Mr. Eben S. Stearns, and Misses Lincoln and Pennell, appeared, as we learn from the Post, to great advantage.

Frederick Stickland, son of Sir Thomas Strickland, Bart. of England, a young man of cultivation and much devoted to literary and scientific pursuits, we learn from the Boston Journal of Wednesday, lost his way on the 19th inst. in an attempt to ascend Mount Washington, and on the 21st was found dead.

Ball Hughes has just finished a very beautiful piece of sculpture—a fisher boy, sitting upon a rock and in the act of taking the hook from a fish's mouth. We have seen nothing of the kind that equalled it in life-like attitude and delicacy of expression.

The Kentucky Constitutional Convention has been engaged, according to N. Y. Journal of Commerce, more than a week in discussing the slavery question, without any visible result, except to show that Mr. Clay's gradual emancipation scheme finds no favor. Whatever the present decision may be, it is a great thing to have the question discussed there by such a body of men.

☞ American Unitarian Association. The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, viz:

From Auxiliary Association in Nantucket,	$24 00
" Ladies sewing circle in Milton,	30 00
" Rev. Mr. Forbes of Chester, Vt.,	1 00
" Ladies in 2d Unitarian Society in Worcester, to constitute Rev. E. E. Hale a Life Member,	30 00
" Hon. B. F. Thomas of Worcester,	3 00
" Rev. Mr. Simmon's Society in Springfield,	50 00
" Pike's " Dorchester,	20 00
" Putnam's " Roxbury,	50 00
" friends in Brookline,	42 26
" Unitarian Society in Gloucester,	16 38
" Auxiliary Association in Woburn,	2 00
" " " Nashua, N. H.,	14 00
" a friend in Londonderry, N. H.,	3 00
" Rev. Dr. Peabody's Society in Boston,	150 50
" Solomon Piper, Esq., of Boston, to constitute himself a life member,	30 00
" a friend, by Mr. Brown of Lexington,	1 00
" Unitarian Society in East Cambridge,	17 55
" Auxiliary Association in Scituate,	18 00
" Hon. Samuel Hoar of Concord,	29 00
" the Church of the Messiah, N. York,	25 00
" Auxiliary Association in Hawes' Place Society, South Boston,	70 00
" Hon. James Fowler of Westfield,	20 00
" Miss Anna E. Appleton,	1 00
" P. Putnam, Esq., of N. Danvers,	5 00
" Auxiliary Association in Brooklyn, N. Y.,	60 00
" Unitarian Society in Framingham,	31 00
" J. S. Wheeler Esq., of do,	10 00
" Auxiliary Association in Trenton, N. Y.,	22 00
" " " E. Cambridge,	26 00
" " " Montreal,	15 00
" 1st Congl Society in Burlington, Vt., of which $30 is to constitute Rev. S. W. Bush, a life member,	41 50
" a friend, by Rev. O. C. Everett,	25 00
" a friend in Upton,	5 00
" Auxiliary Association in Charlestown, N. H.,	15 00
" a gentleman in Keene, N. H.,	15 00
" a lady in " "	15 00
" Auxiliary Asso. " "	93 00
" Young Ladies' Benevolent Society in Rev. Mr. Richardson's Society, Hingham,	50 00
" Auxiliary Association in Barnstable,	30 00
" Mrs. Mary West of Princeton,	1 00
" Unitarian Society in Duxbury,	14 37
" Ladies Unitarian Society in Brookline, to constitute Rev. F. N. Knapp a life member,	30 00
" Geo. M. Allen, Esq., of Scituate for life membership,	30 00
" Rev. Mr. Pierpont's Society in Medford,	50 00

oct27

☞ THE CHESHIRE PASTORAL ASSOCIATION,—will meet at the house of Rev. Wm. P. Tilden, in Walpole, on Tuesday, 30th inst, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
oct27 A. A. LIVERMORE, Scribe.

☞ THE CHESHIRE SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION, in connection with the above, will hold its thirteenth annual meeting in the Rev. Mr. Tilden's church at 1 1-2 o'clock, P. M., on the same day, with the usual exercises of a Report, Address and Remarks.
oct27 J. S. BROWN, Secretary.

☞ The Anniversary Sermon, in behalf of the Boston Fatherless and Widow's Society, will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Gannett, on Sabbath evening, Oct. 28th, at seven o'clock, in the Central Church, Winter Street.

A collection will be taken at the close of the services in aid of the funds of this Society.

The pews in the centre of the church will be reserved for Gentlemen. oct27

☞ The Middlesex North Association will meet at Rev. Mr. Morse's in Tyngsboro', on Wednesday, the 7th day of Nov. next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
oct27 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ TEA PARTY. Ladies' of the "Third Religious Society," in Dorchester, (Rev. Mr. Pike's,) will hold a Tea Party, in Richmond Hall, on Wednesday Evening, Oct. 31st.

The proceeds will be given to the cause of Domestic Missions.

Doors open at 5½ o'clock. Admission 25 cents, children half price. oct27

MARRIAGES.

In this city, 21st inst, Mr Benjamin F. Graves to Miss Maria F. Delfrees; Mr Elijah R. White to Miss Anna M. Furbush.

In Dorchester, by Rev Mr Hall, Jona Davis, Jr., of New Orleans, to Miss Francis Elizabeth, daughter of T. R. M. Holbrook of D.

In Lyman, Maine, Oct. 3d, Mr Charles W. Boothby of Saco to Miss Mary L. Murphy of L.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 20th inst, at the residence of her son in law, Moses French, Jr., Mrs Azubah Cleverly, widow of the late Benjamin Cleverly of Quincy, 74 yrs 6 mos.

In Newcastle, Me., Mrs Mary Myrick, 84, widow of the late Dr Josiah Myrick of N.

Died, in Bridgewater, Sept. 30, of typhus fever, Miss Susanna N. Robbins, 20.

Meek, quiet, patient, persevering, industrious, affectionate and exemplary, (these were the distinguishing traits of character of our young friend, and might best give an idea of her to those who had never seen her)—an only daughter, and only sister of an only brother, she has been suddenly taken away in the midst of all her usefulness, youth and promise. Devotedly attached to, and deeply interested in, a class which she had in the Sunday School of Mr. Bradford's Society, her pupils met in their accustomed place, Sunday before last, but the teacher was dead!—died that morning. The children wept, and their tears fell on the grave of the Young Teacher! "And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth."

The Springfield Republican announces the death of the Hon. Joun Howard, formerly President of the Springfield Bank, and several times a member of the State Council.—The Republican says:

"The departure of few men could leave so wide a blank in this community. He was extensively known and universally beloved. He was a warm friend—a generous opponent—full of hospitality and every kind and social affection; a large hearted man, an upright, active and influential citizen. His mark is upon almost everything around us. His death will cause many tears to flow,—his life was never the occasion of any."

A CLERGYMAN, residing within ten miles of Boston, wishes to receive two boys, (of the age of ten or twelve,) into his family, to educate.
For particulars, inquire at this office. istf oct27

VALUABLE Historical Works. Journals of the Rev. Thomas Smith and Rev. Samuel Deane, Pastors of the First Church in Portland, with notes and biographical notices and a Summary History of Portland, by William Willis, 1 vol, 8vo, 483 pages, $2. 3 Portraits.
Just published; for sale by
oct27 1is2os CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington st.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The Earth and Man; Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its Relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot. Translated from the French, by Prof. C. C. Felton, with illustrations. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

The Pre-Adamite Earth. Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D. D. 12mo, cloth, 85 cts.

Man Primeval; or, The Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being. A Contribution to Theological Science. With a finely engraved Portrait of the Author.—12mo, cloth, 1 25.

University Sermons. Sermons delivered in the Chapel of Brown University. By Francis Wayland, 12mo, cloth, 1 00.

Thoughts on the Present System in the United States. By Francis Wayland, D. D., 16mo, cloth, 50 cts.

Principles of Zoology; Touching the Structure, Development, Distribution, and Natural Arrangement of the Races of Animals, living and extinct, with numerous illustrations. For the use of Schools and Colleges. Part I.—Comparative Physiology. By Louis Agassiz and Augustus A. Gould. Third thousand. 12mo, cloth, 1 00.

Pascal's Thoughts. Thoughts of Blaise Pascal, translated from the French. A new edition; with a Sketch of his Life. 12mo, cloth, 1 00.

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Proverbs for the People; or, Illustrations of Practical Godliness, drawn from the Book of Wisdom; by E. L. Magoon, 2d thousand, 12mo, cloth, 90 cts.

A History of American Baptist Missions, in Asia, Africa, Europe, and North America, from their earliest commencement to the present time; by Wm. Gammell, A. M., Prof. in Brown University; with seven Maps: 12mo,—cloth, 75 cts.

Sacred Rhetoric; or, Composition and Delivery of Sermons; by H. J. Ripley, Prof. in Newton Theo. Ins. To which are added, Ware's Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, 12mo, cloth, 75 cts.

Memoir of Roger Williams, Founder of the State of Rhode Island; by Wm. Gammell, A. M.; with a Portrait; 12mo, cloth, 75 cts.

The Church in Earnest; by Rev. John A. James; 4th thousand. 18mo, cloth, 50 cts.

The Person and Work of Christ; by Ernest Sartorius, D. D. Translated from the German; by Rev. S. Stearns, A. M. 18mo, cloth, 42 cts.

Ancient Literature and Art, or, Essays on Subjects connected with Classical Literature, with the Biography and Correspondence of eminent Philologists; by President B. Sears, of Newton, Prof. B. B. Edwards, of Andover, and Prof. C. C. Felton, of Cambridge; 2d thousand, 12mo, cloth, 1 25.

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How to be a Lady; by H. Newcomb, 50.

Anecdotes for Boys; by H. Newcomb, 42.

Anecdotes for Girls; by H. Newcomb, 42.

Learning to Feel, Think and Act, 1 vol, cloth, 75.
oct27 1is2os GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Publishers, 59 Washington st.

JENKYN'S WORKS. The Union of the Holy Spirit and the Church, in the Conversion of the World; by Thomas W. Jenkyn, D. D. Price 85 cents.

"The discussion is eminently scriptural, placing its grand theme, the union of the Holy Spirit and the Church in the conversion of the world, in a very clear and affecting light. There is no subject in theology, no department in practical religion, in which the great body of Christian professors at the present day, we may add ministers of the Gospel, more need instruction than in respect to the agency and influences of the Holy Spirit in the conversion of men, and the sanctification of believers." [Christian Watchman.

"A very excellent work upon a very important subject.—The author seems to have studied it in all its bearings, as presented to his contemplation in the sacred volume."—[London Evangelical Magazine.

The Extent of the Atonement, In its relation to God and the Universe; by Thomas W. Jenkyn, D. D. Price 85 cts.

"We have examined this work with profound interest, and become deeply impressed with its value. Its style is lucid, its analysis perfect, its spirit and tendencies eminently evangelical. We have no where else seen the atonement so clearly defined, or vindicated on grounds so appreciable."—[New York Recorder.
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PORTRAIT of Rev. Dr. Nichols, Pastor of the First Church in Portland, Me., engraved on steel by Andrews and Smith, $1 00. Just received by
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POETRY.

[It is very seldom that we find in the papers of the day anything so beautiful as the following lines, written by a young lady now in Cambridge. Is the fountain sealed from which they came?]

MABEL.

From the Salem Gazette.

Like broken thoughts in dreams,
Gentle Mabel thou art here;
And I know thy voice of cheer
And the spring sound of thy laughter
Gushing near.

Earth and heaven have blessed thee—
For thine eyes are deep with bliss,—
And thy lips love-shaped to kiss,—
And there's that within thee
Passes this.

Like some loved and petted treasure,
Thee, with opaline swift wing,
Summer, winter, autumn, spring
Seventeen times have circled round
In wide ring.

Even all with spring wreaths graced thee;
As they flitted light away,
In thy clear eye's azure day
Winter white and rustling autumn
Turned to May.

Thou hast not, my happy Mabel,
Much paradise of lettered lore—
But thy kind lips evermore
Of good words of humble wisdom,
Utter store.

God's peace bless thee Mabel;—
Like the light that lights a shrine
Purely always wilt thou shine,
And all spirits bend before thee
As does mine.

Ah! I do but dream of Mabel;
Like a low and painful sigh
When in thought she draweth nigh,
Something whispers—"See, an angel
Passeth by!"

Green in youth (what is our wisdom?)
When death came in crimson pride
And wooed October for his bride,
And God said "bind the grain that's golden,"
Mabel died.

From "Thoughts in Past Years."

DISCONTENTED THOUGHTS.

Give me not what I ask, but what is good,
Merciful Saviour, unto Thee I look,
Oh, teach me these repining thoughts to brook.
I know I were not happier, though endued
With all on which my unbridled ling'rings brood;
For joy to me hath ever been a gale,
Which like some demon filling the glad sail,
Wanton'd awhile on summer seas, I wooed
To tempt o'er hidden shoals. Make me Thine own,
And take me; of myself I am afraid,
Oh, take me from myself; oh take away
Whate'er of self is in me; and, I pray,
Give me on what my spirit may be stayed,
And that I know full well is but Thyself alone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NIGHT UNDER AN AVALANCHE.

There was, in the interior, a native of Aosta, who meant to leave us at Martigny, for the purpose of traversing the Great St. Bernard, at the exaggerated dangers of which pass he laughed very heartily. Accidents, he admitted, did sometimes overtake travellers in that part of the Alps, but, generally, he said, the pass of the St. Bernard was open and safe throughout the year, except during the continuance of snow-storms. He had himself, a few years previously, in another pass, the name of which I forget, been overtaken by one of these, in company with an English family returning from Italy, and been witness of the way in which the elements sometimes perform the office of sexton. They set out early in the morning, and arrived a little before nightfall at a part of the pass which, owing to the driving of the winds, is easily choked up. The snow had begun to fall about an hour and a half previously, and was now pouring down the ravine before the blast, blinding both horses and postillions, and bringing along with it premature night. They had hoped to reach the summit before darkness set in; but the horses furnished them were weak, and the snow for the last hour, at least, had greatly retarded their progress. How he came to be in the Englishman's carriage, he did not explain. I fancy our countryman had invited him out of sheer politeness. The party consisted of five in all—the husband and wife, the Italian, the nurse, and the little baby. How it comes to pass I know not, but it generally happens that the English, when overtaken by danger, display qualities which astonish foreigners. On the occasion in question, all the solicitude of the husband seemed to be concentrated in the wife, while all hers was in the baby. Self seemed equally absent in the minds of both. The nurse, for her part, displayed the utmost stoicism, except that, as the cold increased, and the snow-drifts beat more and more furiously against the carriage windows, she pressed the child more closely to her breast, and protected it from the influence of the air with a greater allowance of shawls. Our friend from Aosta, who understood thoroughly the perils of the position, went on talking with the husband, who, while his eyes were fixed upon his wife and child, appeared calm and collected, though, from certain thundering noises above, it appeared probable that the avalanches were in motion. At every ten yards, the carriage was stopped by the accumulated snow. "Jane," said the husband at length to his wife, "tie up your throat carefully; we may have to walk presently; and you, nurse, make the baby comfortable, and give him to me." The nurse obeyed, and the mother, looking anxiously at her child, inquired, with suppressed earnestness, "William, is there any danger?" "Yes, a little, love, just enough to impart an air of romance to our adventure." "Hark," exclaimed the wife, "what's that?" "My God," cried the nurse, "the mountain has fallen on us." Just at that instant a loud shout was heard from the men outside, followed by a suppressed struggle and a groan, and then the most complete silence. All motion was at the same time arrested in the carriage, and on applying the lamp to the carriage window, it was perceived that they were embedded in thick snow. "What is to be done?" exclaimed the Englishman, addressing himself to our friend from Aosta. "Can your experience suggest any means of extricating ourselves from this position? If we force our way out, do you think it possible we could reach some place of shelter?" "No," answered he, "that is impossible. All we can do is to remain where we are; they will dig us out in the morning." "And the drivers," observed the Englishman, a sudden thought flashing across his mind, "what is to become of them; they will die of cold?" "They are dead already," answered the Aostan, "the first stroke of the avalanche extinguished life in them; what you heard was their death-groan." "Impossible!" cried our countryman, "I must force my way out, and endeavor to drag them hither." The confined space into which they had to breathe would have rendered it necessary to let down the windows, at the risk of admitting a quantity of snow; but all egress was impracticable. They were entombed, as it were, in the avalanche, which, fortunately for them, was soft and spongy, permitting air to pass through its pores; yet the heat soon became almost insufferable, and once during the night the lady fainted. Travelling carriages in the Alps are always supplied with provisions and restoratives, wine, brandy, &c.; and as our countryman never once lost his presence of mind, every thing practicable was done for wife, and nurse, and child. What their language and feelings were may possibly be imagined. All our friend from Aosta could say was, that it was very terrible, which he uttered in a tone more significant than his words. Well, morning came at last, as they knew by consulting their watches; but it brought no light with it, and for some time no sound. At length a confused rumbling was heard through the snow, which died away, and came again by fits, till at length it became evident that it was the voices of men. After a protracted interval, a gleam of daylight entered the carriage, the snow was cleared partially away, and the welcome face of a rustic was beheld peering down upon them. Their deliverance was now speedy, and they were conveyed half dead to a chalet, together with the bodies of the driver and postillions. "Such accidents," said our friend, "are rare." "It is to be hoped so," exclaimed Madame Carli; "and what became of the English lady?" "O, the whole party escaped without injury, and next year I saw them pass again into Italy, so little had they been daunted by the perils they had escaped. [Tait's Magazine.

PRESENT DUTIES.

Many neglect the duties immediately before them in looking out for a different or wider sphere.—This disposition is very kindly and wisely reproved in the following letter from Mrs. Sherman, the wife of an English Pastor, to a servant who being converted longed to become a missionary to the heathen, but while "Providence did not appear to countenance the desire by opening a path."

"*Surrey Parsonage, Sept. 27th*, 1845.

"My dear Child,

"I rejoice to hear you have obtained a situation, and as I find the class will not meet to-morrow, on account of the teachers' meeting, I cannot help writing to you to urge upon you the necessity and duty of not allowing your burning desire to work for God, to interfere with your diligent performance of the duties of your present situation. You glorify God most diligently, and as in his sight, performing the duties devolving on you in the sphere in which it has pleased Him to place you. If your heart is so set upon a certain way of serving Him, that you fail to serve Him in any other, you prove yourself unfit to serve Him at all. I long for you thoroughly to understand this: you show your love by bearing, as well as doing his will, and by doing whatever He gives you to perform. It may be that by thus calling you to a work so different from that which you desire, He is proving and exercising you, in order to prepare you for a work of another kind. If diligent in His service, you will be diligent in serving those whom he appoints you to serve.—If your one desire is to please Him, it will make you as diligent in scouring, dusting, and sweeping, as in distributing tracts—as anxious to be as a Christian a pattern of neatness, punctuality and order, in your situation here, as if you were a missionary to the heathen; you will labor to work well with your hands, that you may be able to work for Him in whatever way He chooses.—This is your school, where you are fitting for future life: if inefficient and inferior in your services, you are not yet qualified for superior work. Get perfect in your present occupation, whatever it may be, and this will tend to qualify you, in body and mind, for any service to which you may be called. Till you perform household duties well, you are unfit to be a valuable missionary. But do not press so much any particular path; God knows your desire, my dear child, and says, 'It was well that it was in thine heart,' and if He sees fit, can yet give you your wish. There leave it, simply seeking to do his will. Do strive to be in every way a treasure to your employers. Cultivate great neatness and cleanliness in your work and in your appearance. All these things are pleasing to God, especially when done to please Him. God abundantly bless and teach you, and give you your heart's desire to work, to live, to die for Him, is the prayer of

"Your affectionate friend,

"Martha Sherman."

"The Summer is Ended."—The time of Song and Flower has come and gone, and the gentle breezes of an approaching Autumn are heard sighing o'er the withered beds of decaying flowers, and through the branches of leafless trees, where the merry bird trilled forth its richest songs. The melody of babbling brook is drowned in the passing winds—the quiet, gentle grove has been stripped of its green roof—the hill and valley are fast losing their Summer loveliness, and the leaf is sear and yellow.

Since last our cheeks were fanned by the cooling winds of Autumn, what a change has come o'er the domestic hearths of many of us! What dear domestic scenes have been broken asunder!—the heart's idol laid low in the dust!—and familiar faces have been buried in the "cold obstruction of the tomb!" The stranger disease, whose track in the Old World was marked by grief and desolation, was wafted to our beloved shores—and its coming was the signal for moaning sobs and crushed hopes. Our goodly city was not exempt from its ravages.

For more than three months its poisened shafts were fixing their envenomed points in the hearts of thousands! Sobbing and wailing were heard in the deserted streets. And now, as the last sighing of the Summer winds are dying into an echo, the notes of woe and sorrow are heard still in our city. Hearts bereft of their idols—a father weeping for the "absent one"—a wife for the cheering smile of him who won her early love—a daughter, for that mother whose only fault was in the kind indulgence to this now bereaved child—the son, whose hopes have been stricken by the sudden taking off of a kind father. To such as have felt the fatal touch of this terrible disease, Autumn has an unwelcome sound. The ripened fruit and golden grain will be unheeded by these "sorrowing ones." Their hearts will hear no music in their journeying winds of Heaven, as they tell man that another Season has rolled away—that another "Summer is ended"—that the gleaner for the grave has been busy with friends and neighbors. No—no—they weep in silence for the beloved objects that can never cheer them again in this world. The Autumn time has come—and Song and flower have vanished! Who shall teach us to forget the heart's anguish—the heart's woes!—[Cincinnati Chronicle.

PROGRESS OF MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

It is now, I think, about ten years (1654) since I perceived my vision to grow weak and dull; and at the same time I was troubled with pain in my kidneys and bowels, accompanied with flatulency. In the morning, if I began to read, as was my custom, my eyes instantly ached intensely, but were refreshed after a little corporeal exercise. The candle which I looked at seemed as if it were encircled by a rainbow. Not long after, the sight in the left eye (which I lost some years before the other) became quite obscure, and prevented me from discovering any object on that side. The sight in my other eye has now been gradually and sensibly vanishing for about three years. Some months before it had entirely perished, though I stood motionless, every thing which I looked at seemed to be in motion, to and fro. A stiff cloudy vapour seemed to have settled on my forehead and temples, which usually occasioned a sort of somnolent pressure on my eyes, and particularly from dinner to evening. So that I often recollected what is said of the poet Phineas, in the Argonautics:

"A stupor deep his cloudy temples bound,
And when he walked he seemed as whirling round,
Or in a feeble trance he speechless lay."

I ought not to omit that, while I had any sight left, as soon as I lay down upon my bed, and turned on either side, a flood of light used to gush from my eyelids. Then, as my sight became more faint, this was emitted with a certain crackling sound; but at present every species of illumination being as it were extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, mingled with ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed, seems always, by night and by day, to approach nearer to a white than a black; and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light, as through a chink. And though your physician may kindle a small ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect that, as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us. The darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God, why may not one acquiesce in the privation of his sight when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes? [Milton's Prose Works.

SCOTCH SABBATH.

I have heard many curious stories illustrative of that veneration with which the Sabbath is regarded in Scotland. Let me mention one or two. A geologist, while in the country, and having his pocket hammer with him, took it out and was chipping the rock on the way-side for examination. His proceedings did not escape the quick eye and ready tongue of an old Scotch woman. "What are you doing there, man!" "Don't you see? I'm breaking a stone." "Y'are doing mair than that: y'are breaking the Sabbath." Another old woman's inquiry of one who, on the Sabbath, passed her on the road, singing as he went, was characteristic. It was very brief: "Songs, man, or psalms?" Now, I am well aware that many readers will at once say, "What ultra severity!" and will be only able to see something absurd and ridiculous in these sayings. Others, among whom I readily number myself, will view them in a light altogether different—as apt, amusing, and characteristic, no doubt, but as most valuable testimonies to the strong religious feeling of the people, and to that habitual decision with which many among them carry out those scriptural principles, regarding the observance of the Lord's day, which they have imbibed in their childhood, and put into practice from Sabbath to Sabbath during the course of their lives. [Trench.

FOR CHILDREN.

"DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY."

"I never will play with Charley Mason again, mother. He's a naughty boy, and I don't love him."

"What is the matter now, my son? I thought you and Charley were very good friends."

"Why, mother, he's got my new India-rubber ball, which sister Anne gave me, and he says he will keep it all the time. But I say he shan't—shall he?"

And saying this, little Georgy Hammond burst into a sad fit of tears. His mother spoke gently to him, and said, "How came Charley to run away with your ball?"

"Why, mother, he wanted to play with it, and so did I. I let him look at it, and then took it again, because it was my ball, you know; and by and by, when I was playing bounce, it rolled away. I ran after it, and so did he; and he got it before I could, and carried it home."

"Well, George, it was wrong for him to carry it away in such a manner: but, let me ask you, my son, if Charley had a nice ball, and you had none, don't you think you should like to have played with it?"

"O, yes, indeed."

"And do you think Charley would have let you?"

"O, I guess he would, for he's a real nice boy, sometimes."

"Well, Georgy, do you remember what papa told Fanny yesterday—'to do as she would be done by?' You would like very much to play with Charley's ball, and yet were not willing to let him play with yours. This was not right. You did not do as you would be done by. You did wrong, and so did he. If you had let him play 'bounce' with you, then you would both have been happy little boys, and now you have been both wrong and both angry. I admit that Charley did wrong, but you did wrong first."

"Well mother, I dare say that is all true; but Charles has got my ball."

"Charley will not keep it long, my dear. He only took it to trouble you a little: he will give it to you, I dare say, this afternoon."

"But Charley did not do as he would be done by, mother, when he ran home with it."

"No, I suppose he did not think anything about it, any more than you did in not letting him play with you. Don't you remember how kind Charley was, a little while ago, when he had his new balloon! Did not you play with it?"

"Yes mother; and don't you know how I let it blow away into the big tree, and Patrick could not get it down again, and how long it was up there?"

"And did Charley cry about it?"

"I guess not; but he was very sorry and so was I; and I took the money uncle gave me, and bought some more paper, and sister Anne made him a real nice balloon, bigger than his first one was."

"And did you not feel happy, when you carried it to him! and was not Charley very glad to have it?"

"Yes, indeed; and he's got it now, and we play with it sometimes."

"That was doing as you would be done by. You lost his balloon, and gave him another to replace it, which was just."

"Mother, if Charley loses my ball, do you think he will be *just* too, and bring me another?"

"Certainly, if he does what is right. But I think I hear Charley's voice in the hall. Go and see if it is he."

"Yes, mother, 'tis Charley," said Georgy, as he ran into the hall to meet him; and the mother following him.

"I've brought home your ball, Georgy," said Charles. "Mother said I was a naughty boy to run away with it, and she told me to come and bring it right back. I'm sorry I plagued you, and I won't do so any more."

"And I am very sorry I refused to let you play with the ball," said George, "for I know it was that which made you think of running off with it."

Thus the two boys were soon reconciled; and George's mother was glad to see how well her son understood his error, and the way to atone for it. We have only to add, that if children would all do as they wish others to do to them, there would never be any snatching of one another's things, no harsh words, no angry feelings, among them. [Merry's Museum.

A SCENE IN BOSTON.

A half score or more of Irish women have lately taken stands at the Park Street corner of the mall, where with a few oranges and other fruit placed upon some temporary table or box, they remain from morning until night, perhaps clearing, by their small sales, from one to two shillings per day. They are mostly old women, who can do nothing else for a living, and are patronized more from charity than for the tempting appearance of their goods.

One day last week, one of these old women became quite ill from exposure to the sun, and probably from want of proper nourishment, and was forced to leave her stand, and seat herself against the iron railings of the Common, in the shade. A little, bright-eyed girl, of twelve or thirteen summers, saw her limp to the spot, and also observed the anxious eye of the old woman directed towards her little store of oranges, nuts, and candy. "Never mind those, ma'am," she said; "I'll go and sit there till you are better, and sell for you."

The little miss, dressed with much taste and richness, with an air that indicated most unmistakably the class to which she belonged, sat down upon the rough box behind the Irish woman's stand, assuming all the importance of a young salesman. She had never sold anything before in her life; but people began to stop and wonder what it meant, to see the fair and beautiful child in that singular situation.

The story was soon told by the bystanders, who had only to point to the poor woman. In a moment, every one was seized with a very extraordinary desire for an orange, a handful of nuts, or some candy, and our little beauty could hardly serve them fast enough. Many, utterly refusing any change, gave her a ninepence, a dime, or a sixpence for a penny's worth of nuts or candy. It was all accomplished very quickly, though the little girl was somewhat disconcerted, and had to be encouraged by a whisper, now and then, from one who need not be named, for she was not accustomed to a crowd.

The table was soon swept, and we saw her pass her tiny hand full of silver to the poor woman, who thus realized treble the value of her small stock, and called on half the saints in the calendar to bless the kind-hearted child.

[Merry's Museum.

EARLY INSTRUCTION.

Another important principle of education, derived from the word of God, is that *religious instruction should be begun early.*

The intellectual nature must not be allowed to anticipate the moral; but religious truth must shine forth and mingle its rays with the early dawn of the mind. Advancement in knowledge of any kind greatly depends upon early cultivation. But the condition of our moral nature is such as to require in a special manner the illuminating, preventive and quickening influences of religion. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." The fulfilment of the promise depends upon an early beginning, even in childhood; and if the work be postponed, there is no promise of success. In the same spirit our blessed Lord left to his church the injunction: "Feed my lambs." "Suffer *little children* to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The divine love and care of the rising generation are signally illustrated in the authoritative provisions to instil early into the youthful mind the principles of piety and truth. In direct conflict with this divine method is the general system of State instruction in this country. The wisdom of the world arrays itself against the wisdom of God.—[Selected.

"TALK TO ME OF JESUS."

"Talk to me of Jesus, mother," said a little child of three years old, while lying feverish and breathing hard on his mother's lap. "Talk to me of Jesus, and let Annie get me the picture-book. There is one large and small picture of Jesus in it." Could a parent, who loved to hear her child speak of that dear Saviour, refuse to tell the little one of what he did, and how he died. His sister brought the book, and the little boy did listen earnestly to his mother, as she told of Jesus, when he said "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It was the Sabbath hour, and the mother's heart was chastened.

THE HONEST FARMER.

Two farmers having a dispute as to some land, an action at law was commenced to determine it. On the day fixed for the trial, one of them called on his opponent to accompany him to the court, that each might give his statement of the case. Finding his neighbor at work in his field, he said to him, "Is it possible you have forgotten our cause is to be decided to-day?" "No," said the other, "I have not forgotten it, but I cannot well spare time to go. You will be there, and I know you are an *honest man*, and will state the case fairly, and justice will be done." And so it proved; for the farmer who went to the judge stated his neighbor's claims so clearly, that the cause was decided against himself, and he returned to inform his opponent that he had gained the property. Such a character is worth more than the wealth of the Indies.

ORCHARD HILL SCHOOL.

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The Second Quarter commences Monday Sept. 10th.

References.—Prof. Beck, Rev. R. M. Hodges, Cambridge, Jas. Brown, Esq., (Little & Brown,) Boston.

For further particulars, address Mr and Mrs Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston.

Jan. 29, 1849. oslv

American Unitarian Biography. The subscribers have in press, and will shortly publish under the above title, a volume of American Unitarian Biography, edited by Rev. William Ware. To comprise lives of those persons who have been distinguished by their character, writings, or efforts, in promoting the cause of Liberal Christianity. Whether the proposed work shall extend beyond a single volume will depend upon the favor extended to this. Lives already written to be collected from various sources—others prepared specially for the series, may follow. The first volume will comprise Memoirs of Rev. N. Worcester, D D., Rev. James Freeman, D D., Rev. Ezra Ripley, D D., Rev. Henry Ware, D D., Rev. Dr. Porter, Rev. T. M. Harris, Rev. John T. Kirkland &c. The volumes will consist of 350 pages, 12mo size, in style similar to the Life of Rev. Henry Ware, Jr.; each volume will be illustrated with one or more portraits. The price single, one dollar twenty-five cents, or when ten or more copies are taken to one address, the price will be one dollar.

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The above eighteen volumes with many other valuable works, for sale low by the publishers, JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street, opposite School street.
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CHAPMAN HALL SCHOOL,
IN CHAPMAN PLACE.

THE Sixteenth Annual Term of this School, will commence on the first Monday in September next. The Annual Catalogue of the Teachers and Pupils with the Terms, &c. annexed, may be had at the store of Messrs. Crosby & Nichols, No. 111 Washington Street, and that of Mr. Benj. H. Greene, and Mr. S. G Simpkins, 124, same street. AMOS BAKER.

N. B. Chapman Place leads out of School Street, near Horticultural Hall. ag25.

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN,
BY MRS. COLMAN.

Innocence and Childhood, by Mrs. Colman, very prettily illustrated; The Talisman and the Good Genius; Holiday Stories, with many pictures; The Pet Butterflies, with other Stories, by Mrs. Colman; Stories of Affection; a Little Gift for all seasons, by Mrs. Colman; New and True Stories for Children, with 100 pictures; the Pearl Story Book, a collection of Tales, by Mrs. Colman; just published, for sale by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 111 Washington street. sept29.

Apothecary. Smith & Melvin, 325 Washington street, under Amory Hall, continue to give particular attention to the *prescripts* of Physicians and the medical requisitions of families. Confining themselves as they do principally to the legitimate business of the apothecary or scientific and practical Pharmacy, and having unusual facilities for importing and selecting their medicines, customers may be assured of the purity and genuineness of every article dispensed at their establishment. june23

BROOKFIELD FAMILY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

This Institution is in the seventh year of its existence, and is known to many citizens of the Commonwealth. To those less acquainted, it may be proper to state, that the number of pupils is at present limtied to 20: and ordinarily, lads are not received who are over 12 years of age; while those who enter before this age, remain as long after, as may seem mutually agreeable to parents and principal. The School is as perfect a family, as the ability of the principal and circumstances will allow. The next term, or half year, will commence on the first Wednesday in November. Circulars of more specific information will be promptly forwarded to such as desire more particulars. In Boston, parents may inquire of John Homans, M. D., Geo. Howe, Esq., and G. B. Blake, Esq.

W. A NICHOLS, Principal.
Brookfield, Sept .8 eop4t

LITERARY "CORNER STONE."

"Once possessed of a work so able, copious and scientifically constructed, as
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one discovers a hundred benefits previously unthought of. Old uses, and new uses, and diuses and abuses,—old terms, and new terms, and the history of the rise and progress of many,—together with apt citations, pointed and sparkling,—with other benefits I need not attempt to enumerate,—combine to make him feel the work a desideratum—to lay it as a corner stone in his library. Or rather,—unless corner stones are not often disturbed,—as a janitor,—a librarian,—ever at his post, ready to converse on whatever topic is at hand."
July, 1849. *Charles Beecher.*
Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by all Booksellers. 6weopis. sep29.

Boston, Sept. 4, 1849.

Hubbard Winslow would respectfully inform his patrons and friends, that he has purchased the house formerly occupied by Dr. John Ware, No. 6 Allston street, and is preparing it for the future permanent location of his SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, to be resumed on the 24th of this month. He purposes limiting the school, in future, to 40 pupils, with a view to receiving no more than he can have constantly under his direct personal instruction. The rooms are very spacious and airy, and will be fitted up and furnished in the best style. A systematic, thorough, exact course of study will be pursued, such as to qualify young ladies for any situation as teachers, or as members of society. The most careful attention will be paid to their demeanor, and to their moral and religious culture.

Having directed all his studies, for several years, to the end of qualifying himself to teach in the best manner, the undersigned hopes for such results as will, in some degree, satisfy his long cherished desires.

The terms will be the same as heretofore: Twenty-five Dollars per quarter, or One Hundred Dollars per year, all branches included, payable semi-annually in January and July.

Application may be made at No. 6 Allston street, head of Bulfinch street, at which place parents and guardians are invited to call to see the School Rooms, and confer with the principal. sep29.

Waterman's Patent Ventilated Refrigerator.

My Patent Refrigerator is introduced to the public in full confidence that all the serious objections to the old ones are overcome, so far as they can be, without violating the laws that govern caloric. The principal improvements are the ventilator, double covers and valve. There are several minor improvements, which, when seen, will be readily appreciated. They are made in the most thorough manner, and lined with zinc of sufficient thickness to insure their duration.

WATERMAN'S PATENT HAND SHOWER BATH, AND IMPROVED BATHING PAN.

The Bathing Pan started on its mission of health and cleanliness from my establishment, fifteen years ago, since which, it has, by its own merits, worked its way to all parts of the civilized World, and thousands upon thousands have been sold, to those, who but for this invention, would have had no means of Bathing, owing to the expense and trouble attending the old bath tub and shower bath. My patent hand Shower Bath was invented and introduced as an adjunct to the Bathing Pan, thus allowing one to enjoy the luxury of a shower bath in the summer months, without being encumbered with the closet bath, the remaining nine months of the year, and has become a general favorite on that account.

WATERMAN'S PATENT LAMP TEA KETTLE.

Every year since the introduction of the Cooking Range, at the approach of Summer, I have had many, and urgent calls for an article to boil water in, without making a fire in the range. The above is the result of my endeavors to answer the call, and is to my entire satisfaction. It will be found both useful and economical in hot weather, to all who cook by Range, and at all seasons, to families that board either at Hotels or elsewhere. To Ladies keeping house in a snug way, and performing their domestic duties from *choice*, it is invaluable, and will answer for the Bachelor in his dreary lodging-room.

WATERMAN'S PATENT BROILER.

This article was invented for the special benefit of those who cook by Range, but experience has proved it to be equally beneficial when used on cooking stoves, or before the wood fire. It combines economy with convenience, and gives entire satisfaction to all who have given it a thorough trial, as it saves all the fat and juices of the meat, and prevents the unpleasant odor always attending the process of broiling by the old method.

N. B. Turn the steak frequently while broiling, and it will be the sooner and better cooked.

WATERMAN'S HOUSE LANTERN.

That safety and convenience should prompt every housekeeper to have a lantern is an indisputable fact. The objections to those now in use, are, that when the glass is broken the remaining portion has to be thrown away (although it costs twice as much as the glass) and the top cannot be cleased of the soot that collects in it. My lantern is so arranged, that a new glass can be put in for the cost of the glass alone; and the top, being moveable, can be kept clean as any other part, thus becoming a reflector, instead of an absorbent of light, as in the old ones. The top being flat, any vessel can be put thereon, where hot water will be always in readiness, in case of sickness during the night, or for the gentleman's shaving water in the morning, thus answering the double purpose of a nursery lamp and lantern. (Regis. for Pat. 1848.)

WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN COFFEE FILTER.

Through all the years of my experience as a Kitchen furnisher I have sought for a coffee machine, that the cook could manage, and always bring to the table pure extract of coffee without sediment, and have not found it; hence the necessity for improvement; the result, (after many experiments,) is, the fountain filter, by which, cooks of the smallest intellectual capacity, can always put upon the table the purest coffee, with the least possible trouble to themselves and the most comfort to their employers. (Registered for Patent 1848.)

INFANTS' BATH TUB.

The utility of this article is so self-evident, that it has long been considered an indispensable appendage to the nursery,—its peculiar form making it easy for the child, and convenient for the nurse, it being light to handle and readily emptied, both ends forming a spout to pour from. Since its introduction (about the same time with my Bath Pan for adults,) I have not been called upon to make one of the old pattern, or alter this in any way, it having given entire satisfaction as it was first made. The sale has been steadily on the increase ever since, and as it has been copied by many other manufacturers, it may be considered as having gained a worthy reputation, on the strength of its own merits.

The above named articles, invented by the subscriber, are manufactured and for sale at his Kitchen Furnishing Ware Rooms, 83 and 85 Cornhill, 6 and 8 Brattle and 73 Court street.

The place for all on the eve of housekeeping, and those already established, to procure every article appertaining to the kitchen department, of the best quality and at the lowest prices. Goods sent to all parts of the City and adjacent towns, free of expense to the purchaser. Those visiting the City by Railroad, can have their goods packed and sent to the Depot, in season for the evening train, by making their selection in the early part of the day.

jume9 7m NATH'L WATERMAN.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
FOR THE CURE OF
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The uniform success which has attended the use of this preparation—its salutary effect—its power to relieve and cure affections of the Lungs, have gained for it a celebrity equalled by no other medicine. We offer it to the afflicted with entire confidence in its virtues, and the full belief that it will subdue and remove the severest attacks of disease upon the throat and Lungs. These results, as they become publicly known, very naturally attract the attention of medical men and philanthropists everywhere. What is their opinion of CHERRY PECTORAL may be seen in the following:—

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CHIEF JUSTICE EUSTIS,
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states, "That Asthma and Bronchitis so prevalent in this inclement climate, has yielded with surprising rapidity to Ayer's CHERRY PECTORAL, and we cannot too strongly recommend this skilful preparation to the Profession and public generally."

Let the relieved sufferer speak for himself:—
Hartford, Jan. 26, 1847.
Dr. J. C. Ayer—Dear Sir:—Having been rescued from a painful and dangerous disease by your medicine, gratitude prompts me to send you this acknowledgment, not only in justice to you, but for the information of others in like affliction.

A slight cold upon the lungs, neglected at first, became so severe that spitting of blood, a violent cough and profuse night sweats followed and fastened upon me. I became emaciated, could not sleep, was distressed by my cough, and a pain through my chest, and in short had all the alarming symptoms of quick consumption. No medicine seemed at all to reach my case, until I providentially tried your CHERRY PECTORAL, which soon relieved and now has cured me.

Yours with respect,
E. A. STEWART.

Albany, N. Y., April 17, 1848.
Dr. Ayer, Lowell—Dear Sir:—I have for years been afflicted with Asthma in the worst form; so that I have been obliged to sleep in my chair for a large part of the time, being unable to breathe on my bed. I had tried a great many medicines to no purpose, until my Physician prescribed, as an experiment, your CHERRY PECTORAL.

At first it seemed to make me worse, but in no less than a week I began to experience the most gratifying relief from its use; and now, in four weeks the disease is entirely removed. I can lay down to rest with comfort, and enjoy a state of health which I had never expected to enjoy. GEORGE S. FARRANT.

Prepared by J. C. AYER, Chemist, Lowell, Mass.
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